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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE NEW GERMAN INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY

A NEW industrial society is arising in Germany, the outlines of which are slowly taking shape. Under the guidance and at the instance of the Central Government important branches of production, such as coal mining, potash mining, and the iron and steel manufacture, have already been organized into obligatory cartels, or self-governing bodies with their own 'parliaments.' All companies in each industry are compulsorily fused into a trust which does the actual executive and trading work, while over this trust is a council of delegates from producers, traders, and consumers, with equal representation of capital and labor in each of the three groups. These trusts and their parliaments are only fragments of a more comprehensive scheme which has not as yet been put entirely in operation. When the structure is completed, if it is carried out according to plan, a Supreme Economic Council will preside over all the great industries of the nation. Subordinate to this Council there will be two groups of organizations, one consisting of the trusts just mentioned, which, in turn, will be composed of smaller trusts with their parliaments, all grouped strictly according to their industrial relationships. For instance, the iron and steel trust will have its subordinate pig iron trust, bar iron trust, and so on. The second group will be organized on territorial principles, controlling within its sphere of jurisdiction all the industries within its district. It will deal solely with labor, social, and allied questions, and will grade down to the Shop Councils, of which an account is given in the article by Eduard Bernstein which we publish in this issue.

Experience with the trusts already formed shows that they tend to develop certain of the features which characterize great business aggregations in America. The Coal Trust has increased prices nearly five-fold within a year. The Potash Companies show an enormous increase of profits, in one instance nine-fold as against 1918. This is because in the trust parliaments the representatives of employers, employees, and dealers, taken together, greatly outnumber the representatives of the consumers. The three former groups are all interested in increasing wages, prices, and profits at the consumers' expense.

EXTREMISTS are generally extremists because they are uncompromising.

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That factionalism among radicals which makes the world safe for democracy wherever governments are an organ of opinion and not of force, is inherent in radicalism itself. It is no accidental phenomenon. Our own Socialist parties, the French Socialists, the Labor Party in Australia, and even the relatively Conservative Labor party in England, exhibit the same tendency toward internal fission. Probably very few Germans, even among those most familiar with political affairs in their own country, could tell precisely what the differences are that divide the radical working people of their nation into three hostile camps. These divisions are not of long standing — indeed, they mostly originated during the recent revolution — but there is no present indication that because they are recent, they will prove but temporary.

Not long ago the Communist party of that country, commonly known as the *Spartakusbund*, divided into two groups, of which one represents the policies and programmes of the parent organization and the second, which has adopted the name 'Communist Labor party' is strictly an anarchist society.

Majorities are the offspring of compromise; because, fortunately for democratic government, most sensible men are willing to make slight sacrifices of opinion in order to meet upon ground with their fellows. One of the most hopeful things in Germany to-day, from a purely political standpoint, is the ability that the people have shown to act together. It is a recently acquired characteristic of the Germans, whose history for centuries was a record of factional disputes; and perhaps it is not strange that such a policy should have received a temporary setback at the recent election. The mere enumeration of the important compromises embodied in the legislation of the last year, would make an imposing total, especially if all the conflicts and opposing interests that stood in the way of such compromises were comprehended. The Socialists have made important concessions to the Clericals in the matter of school reform and to the Democrats in the Shop Councils Law. Both of the latter parties have endorsed measures more radical than their platforms would justify, in order to continue their coöperation with the Conservative Socialist group.

Two opposite views prevailed regarding the degree of centralization to be adopted in the new government. This question at once aroused the local jealousies of Bavaria and the other former Federal States, and gave rise to what is locally called a 'particularist' agitation of no mean proportions. Concessions were made to both parties in the new constitution, although the republic is a far more highly centralized political organism than the former empire.

SPAIN AS A SPECTATOR

SPAIN has both prospered and suffered on account of the war; but in a sense it has been able to preserve the attitude of a spectator toward events in Central and Western Europe. The mood with which the nation has viewed the war and revolution has been profoundly influenced by its own history. Spaniards appreciate vividly the possibility of national decadence. They are reminded on every hand of the decline of their own national greatness since the days of Charles V and Philip II. The present generation has seen the country stripped of the last remnants of its former colonial empire. Political instability and industrial unrest render the existence of the present government precarious.

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Yet, the Spaniards are an able and virile nation, still capable of a brilliant renaissance. They produce men of great constructive energy, and the optimism which this quality implies. Both aspects of their mental attitude and temperament are revealed in the two articles we print this week. Francisco Cambó is a prominent Catalan financier and politician, who was formerly Minister of Labor in the Maura Cabinet. He has recently been in Germany to negotiate the transfer of the German Trans-Oceanic Electric Company into a Spanish enterprise, which shall have its headquarters at Madrid.

SPANISH AMERICA AND SOUTH AFRICA

Spanish America and South Africa were in several respects affected similarly by the war. Local manufactures were encouraged, new labor problems arose, and the stir of new movements unwelcome to the older generation, is making itself felt in political life. Probably both regions are destined to receive a large immigration in the near future. The Boers do not welcome the arrival of an element which may weaken their present political monopoly. This attitude quite possibly will change when these old settlers learn by wider experience how immigration increases the value of their land. Meantime, the war has boomed manufacturing. According to the London *Financial Times*, the South African factories are now able to furnish many classes of goods of equal quality with those imported, and the annual value of manufactures produced in that country now reaches three hundred million dollars, an increase of fifty per cent in two years.

Spanish America has hitherto welcomed new arrivals. The article we publish this week upon that continent is the report of an address delivered before the Spanish Society of the University of Cambridge, by Don Augustin Edwards, for many years Minister of Chile to the British Court.

Brazil, the Argentine, and Chile, have also turned to manufacturing during the war, and are discovering new social problems in their midst as a consequence. In a recent review of the labor situation in the Argentine, the *Revista de Economía y Finanzas* of Buenos Aires observes that hitherto the country has had no laws providing for a minimum wage, old age pensions, workers' insurance, a weekly day of rest, or an eight-hour day. An abundance of free land has heretofore made such legislation seem superfluous. However, the conviction is gaining ground that a new policy must be adopted, and that legal protection must be given the working people, if not for material reasons, at least as a recognition of the moral obligations of the state. Last June a committee of the Lower House of Congress submitted an important report upon labor legislation, discussing among other things trade unions, coöperation, employers' unions, length of the working day, general labor conditions, labor disputes and their settlement, and restrictions upon the freedom of labor. Strikes have multiplied, two hundred and fifty-nine having occurred during the first half of 1919. Less than one fourth were for higher wages and several were for exclusively political objects. Labor won more than two strikes out of three. Altogether these conflicts involved two hundred and sixty-two thousand workers.

RUSSIA'S NEW INDUSTRIALISM

We recently printed an article which called attention to the revival of peasant industries in Russia. A reappearance of homespun and household man-

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ufactures would be in any country a logical consequence of the breakdown of transportation. We have had abundant evidence of the eagerness manifested by the Soviet Government to restore and reëquip its railways. A correspondent of the Turin Conservative daily, *La Stampa*, writing from Reval in Esthonia, in April, reports a conversation with the Bolshevist commercial agent in that city. This gentleman stated that he represented all the Russian Coöperatives and the Soviet Government, and was there for the purpose of making contracts for goods. Russia could not deliver raw materials until its railway service was improved. 'We are not in condition to barter goods for goods, but we have billions of rubles in gold to pay for what we need. In addition, we have several thousand kilos of platinum. The production of that metal has continued in spite of the revolution. At the present time I have offers of five thousand locomotives and am about to conclude contracts for them. I have a billion rubles in gold at my disposal for this purpose, part of which is already deposited in the Esthonian bank.' This correspondent apparently attached importance to the Bolshevist offers, and mentioned the presence of representatives of American and British firms seeking to negotiate with his informant.

In connection with the introduction of compulsory labor the Soviet Government of Russia began the use of so-called 'work books' on March 25, 1920. Every citizen now owns a book in which his position and duties are periodically noted. On the cover is inscribed: 'He who does not work shall not eat.' The old division of the population into four categories, receiving different quantities of food, has been abolished. But before other citizens obtain their rations an allowance cover-

ing the chief necessities of life is made to the army, the railway workers, the munitions workers, and workers in railway shops. The Soviet Government thus attracts more men into these important branches of employment.

The new military movement against Russia, in which Poland and the Ukraine, possibly Roumania, and, according to some European rumors, Japan are coöperating with the support of certain Entente influences, apparently has delayed the negotiations for a general resumption of trade between Russia and Western Europe.

Leonid Krassin, whose statements of those negotiations we print this week, is described by a British interviewer as

> a gray-haired, gray-bearded, well-set-up business man, very quick in the uptake, with a tremendous capacity for detail. He has a unique position among Communist leaders, because he alone is an efficient technician whose gifts are so marked that in pre-revolutionary days he had an exceedingly successful professional career.

Krassin is a pure Russian, born in Siberia in 1870. He studied in the technological institutes at Petrograd and Kharkoff, his course being interrupted by arrests for revolutionary activity. While an exile in Siberia he worked as a construction engineer on the Siberian Railway. Later he was employed in building an electric-power station at Baku, and in installing the Petrograd electric traction system. Subsequently, he was assistant engineer and electrician in the firm of Sieman and Halske, and later became director of the Moscow branch, and finally the Petrograd branch of the same firm.

A BOLSHEVIST OVERTURE TO CHINA

ACCORDING to reports from Pekin the Bolshevist Government has sent the Chinese Government a communi

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ation renouncing all annexations of, nd pretensions to, Chinese territories, nade by the former Tsar's Governnent, including the authority ceded y Russia to Japan to occupy Chinese erritories formerly held by Russia. The Soviet Government also proposes o restore to the Chinese people, without compensation, the Chinese Eastern Railway, the mining and forestry concessions seized by the Tsar and the Kerensky Government, and all special privileges granted to Russian merchants and manufacturers in Chinese erritory. It proposes that 'there shall not exist in China any power or law which is not that of the Chinese people.'

REACTION IN JAPAN

The Japanese Government is taking trict measures to check the spread of adical propaganda in that country, specially among students. Professor Morito, of the Imperial University, has been deprived of his chair, and sentenced to two months' imprisonment for having published in a University nagazine devoted to economics an article in which he refers favorably to he doctrines of Prince Kropotkin. The publisher of the magazine, who vas previously a professor in Tokio, vas fined forty yen. As a result of this ncident there has been a tremendous lemand for Kropotkin's writings, and our other magazines dealing with the subject have been suppressed. On March 3, the Home Department prohibited the sale of Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*, as subversive of public peace nd order. Several other publishers and writers, including Professor Hoashi, of Waseda University, have been prosecuted also for writing or printing articles of which the government disapproves.

Meantime the cost of living continues to mount higher. The index price of fifty staple commodities, at latest reports, was four hundred and thirty-six per cent of the price in January, 1902, and is still rising. Among the principal causes for this constant advance, according to the Osaka *Asahi*, is currency inflation, under-production, increase of luxury, raising of prices in anticipation of increased taxation, belief that the government, out of consideration for the political support of the classes benefited, will not take radical measures to check profiteering, and, inconsistently enough, the removal of the fear of immediately increased taxation through the recent dissolution of the Diet, which prevented the adoption of a new budget.

A ZEPPELIN IN USEFUL SERVICE

SOME time ago the LIVING AGE published an account of a trip from Lake Constance to Berlin in a German airship. This vessel, which is capable of carrying 30 passengers in addition to a crew of 17–20 men and a cargo of about 26,500 pounds, with an average speed of over 90 miles an hour, has during its first four months of service made 100 trips, covering 30,000 miles in 513 hours, during which it conveyed 2322 passengers and about 66,000 pounds of luggage. During this period no serious accident befell the ship, the crew, or any of the passengers, and, in spite of unfavorable weather conditions, all trips begun were completed.

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[*Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna National Liberal Daily), *April 24*]

AMERICA TURNS AWAY FROM EUROPE

BY M. J. BONN

WHEN George Washington laid down the Presidency of the United States on March 4, 1797, he recommended to his fellow citizens in his Farewell Address a policy of non-interference in European affairs. For more than a century, the government remained true to this teaching. It rejected alliances, and tried to fortify by every measure of statecraft the natural isolation which its geographical remoteness produced. In acquiring vast territories on the North American continent, and islands in the neighboring seas, the government sought primarily to defend this isolation. Of course, such annexations were promoted also by the demand of business circles for new territories to exploit. This motive accounts in part for the acquisition of Porto Rico and Hawaii. But in each case the determining consideration has been to insure isolation. The same object inspired the original Monroe Doctrine. That doctrine would prevent European nations from becoming South American neighbors of the United States.

In spite of their European descent, in spite of the pride with which they trace their origin to our side of the ocean, Americans believe at heart that they are a different race from their European cousins, and that their institutions, if kept immune from Old World influence, will become an example for all mankind to imitate. 'It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and at no distant period a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence.' In the bottom of their souls the Americans believe themselves republican children of light, compared with whom the people of monarchical Europe are children of darkness.

And in fact a profound difference does exist between an American and a European, quite irrespective of the race from which they spring. Most Europeans regard the world with the doubt and distrust inspired by the harsh conditions of their daily life. Americans, living under a more propitious heaven, are characterized by irrepressible optimism. America is not in their eyes merely the land of unbounded possibilities. That term is too material and mechanical. It is to its citizens the land of divine promise. When an American contemplates the fact that to him and to his fellow countrymen alone of all the nations of the world is it granted to tread this Land of Canaan, his heart wells up with profound gratitude to the propitious Providence whose kindly hand has guided him to these blessings; and he is filled with a sense of obligation to bestow the gifts of free government, which have made his country great, upon every other nation. He becomes a missionary of his own civilization, and before he realizes what he is doing this emotion impels him to break through the barriers of the very isolation he cherishes so deeply. He crosses his frontiers; and he mixes in the affairs of other countries in order to bless those countries. As happens in the life

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of every nation, these waves of emotion are sometimes encouraged and turned to selfish uses by shrewd politicians and sharp men of business. The Spanish-American war is a striking example of this.

When the World War started, America, except for a very small section of its people, was inspired by a single wish: to keep out of the raging maelstrom. Business interests, followed later by financial ties, caused political friction, which dragged the nation constantly closer to the whirlpool. Finally, the submarine campaign showed the United States that it could preserve its isolation only by sacrificing all its business connections with the belligerent countries. To this was added fear — the fear lest a German victory might imperil America's security by endangering the Monroe Doctrine.

Nations and countries had become such close neighbors, and were bound together by so many commercial ties, that a policy of physical neutrality was no longer possible — and formal, theoretical neutrality promised speedily to prove equally untenable.

Unless the war ended soon, the statesmen of America, and particularly President Wilson, saw that even technical neutrality must cease. It was this conviction which impelled the American Government to offer mediation. But Wilson went further than a mere offer of friendly services such as Roosevelt proposed and rendered to Japan and Russia. He espoused a plan for a League of Nations to prevent all future conflicts. By this action he broke completely with the old American principle of isolation. Isolation had become an end in itself. It was originally a measure to insure the safety of the American people. The lessons of the World War proved, however, that isolation alone would not attain this purpose. In order to be safe, the country must either equip itself with heavy armaments and alliances, or else purchase its security by entering into a League of Safety. More than this, its people would thus become active propagandists of their great civilizing mission, which they had hitherto conducted only by their passive example.

Our decision to inaugurate an unrestricted submarine campaign wrecked the project of making peace. It led America, at first very hesitatingly, into the ranks of the Entente. Public sentiment was still in favor of isolation — even the government took up unwillingly the cause of its own allies. The recent revelations of Admiral Sims have brought this prominently to public attention. It was not until the negotiations to secure the acceptance of the Fourteen Points had failed, and the peace of Brest-Litovsk had been forced on Russia, and the great German offensive of the spring of 1918 occurred, that the American people committed themselves wholeheartedly to war. They now conceived it their mission to rescue the world from a tyranny which seemed about to conquer. This faith in the nation's duty blazed up in the hearts of the masses. They hastened across the ocean by hundreds of thousands. They felt they were crusaders. They became fanatical supporters of a policy of intervention in European affairs which their fathers had consistently rejected. They brought victory to the Allies. In October, 1918, America held the fate of the world in its hands. However, it failed to shape that destiny to its own ideals.

President Wilson had elaborated an ambitious scheme. He desired not only to bring order to the fighting nations, in accordance with the principles promulgated in the Fourteen Points, but

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also to perpetuate that order by a League of Nations. While Europeans were interested primarily in getting at once the right kind of a peace, his thought was turned solely to machinery for making any kind of a peace permanent. In his mental retirement and ignorance of actuality, he sacrificed all else to his League idea. He sacrificed to that the practical things which alone could make peace permanent. He thus permitted the League of Nations he originally had in mind to be distorted into a close alliance of three great Powers.

But here Wilson reckoned without the American people. His party had lost its majority in Congress in the autumn elections of 1918, mainly because he tried to make capital for his party alone out of America's war service. Therefore partisan politics awakened the first opposition to America's entering the League. Part of the Republicans — the very men who were the first champions of America's entering the war — now denounced that plan. To join the League would limit the sovereignty of the nation. America was strong and mighty enough to stand alone. It had no reason to degrade itself to the position of a mere policeman, carrying out the orders of some supernational authority. It had become involved in European affairs through a world catastrophe. Now that the danger was over it should withdraw.

Early in 1919 it still seemed possible to arouse the masses of the American people against so egoistic a conception of their duties. They knew that America had won the war. They believed that it had saved civilization. Was it not right and proper to erect some such monument as the League as a permanent memorial of the great American crusade? But this sentiment gradually evaporated. The American troops returned, bringing not altogether rosy stories of their allies The Peace Conference dawdled and blundered. America began to feel the economic and social effects of the war. Its own internal problems, which it had forgotten for the moment made their presence felt. The news which came from Paris was scanty and disillusioning.

To cap the climax, the Treaty o Versailles finally arrived. The Ameri can people had been kept in ignorance of its terms for almost two months. I imposed conditions upon Germany some of which were irrational — a fac already revealed by the resignation o American experts at the Conference All America's wealth of human life had been staked for a peace embodied in a treaty of which America had been sedulously kept in ignorance and which it did not endorse.

The people of the United State were not worrying about Germany But the level-headed business men of that country were wise enough to se that the financial provisions of the treaty, though they might ruin Ger many, could not rescue France. Amer ica sought nothing for itself. But it had no reason to encourage its credi tors in Europe to make permanent bankrupts of themselves by a new era of militarism. The American people were not going to spill their sons' blood to maintain a Poland which had muti lated Germany. They not only saw that the Saar settlement violated the principle of nationality, but they recog nized clearly that the economic pro visions of the treaty would discourage production. The United States would not accept a mandate for Constanti nople. It did not wish the Turks to re main in Europe. It could not see how justice was served by permitting Italian Imperialists, in virtue of a secret treaty of which the Allies had

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never informed America, to retain Fiume, or by permitting Japan to keep Shantung. The nation was not prepared to underwrite a vicious peace with the blood of its own children. It wanted to be free to decide for itself what measures it might take in case the treaty were violated; and above all, it was determined that the regulation of American affairs, and especially the interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine, should not be submitted to European control.

The original opponents of the League covenant were people who distrusted pacifism, which they considered its guiding motive. These were soon reinforced by the men who opposed the treaty because it was unjust, and because a League of Nations would perpetuate that injustice. They would have nothing to do with a League that gave England six votes and America but one, and that could make no decisions except by unanimous vote.

Consequently the Treaty of Versailles has been rejected by the American Senate. The nation came to feel that its leaders, and particularly President Wilson, had sacrificed its prestige in Europe. The people were ashamed of the spectacle made there by their representatives, and withdrew within themselves. The crusading enthusiasm vanished. Although America had proved to itself that it was unable to reform Europe, its contempt for Europe was no less than before. European statesmen, familiar as they were with all details of their own continent, could not comprehend their own great issues. They squabbled over boundary posts while the world was burning. They talked of a Golden Age while following the worn-out methods of secret diplomacy, and while pursuing the same selfish objects which had caused the catastrophe in which they are now overwhelmed. Although their countries were stifled by debts, they spent money recklessly and expected America, at whose business advice they laughed, not only to pay their old obligations, but to finance their present prodigality. America now recognizes that even it has not the power and the insight to save Europe. It does not believe that Europe possesses those qualities required for its own salvation. So it has turned its attention to matters at home. It will have nothing to do with a continent which merely irritates and deludes it. It will, perhaps, grant us some credits on approved commercial security, but it will do so on a strictly business basis. It will sell us principally goods for which it has a poor market elsewhere. It may provide some capital for our reconstruction. But it will leave the details of that reconstruction to individuals. It will be a generous giver where charity is needed. But it will not interest itself largely in our continent until that continent has been restored to reason, and has demonstrated its recovery of common sense.

From a purely economic standpoint this is to be lamented. From a political point of view we should also regret this outcome, because America is the only country which has no selfish interest in Europe's political reorganization. But the very fact that it has no such interest deprives the Americans of that instinctive comprehension which European rivals, in spite of their mutual hatred, have for each other. In their previous enthusiasm they did not see Europe as it was. Neither do they see the true Europe from which they turn away to-day.

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[*The New Statesman* (Liberal Labor Weekly), *May 8*]

GERMAN SHOP COUNCILS

BY EDUARD BERNSTEIN

THE deliberations of the National Constituent Assembly of Germany are nearing their end, and the date of the General Election for the first regular parliament — the first Reichstag — of the German Republic is fixed. It will be June 6th. Not until the Reichstag is elected will the Constituent Assembly be formally dissolved. Its mandate lasts until the nation has again a duly elected representation with all the powers which the constitution provides and which makes it — except when there is a direct popular vote, a plebiscite — the supreme authority of the nation. So at no moment will the people be without its legal representation. The legend of the *ancien régime, le roi est mort, vive le roi* is changed into 'Parliament is dead, long live Parliament!'

The work of the Constituent Assembly must be described as great in quantity and, on the whole, decidedly progressive in quality. Under extremely difficult circumstances the Assembly has worked out a codified constitution of the Republic which with its 181 articles can well bear comparison with the most democratic constitution the world knows so far. Besides the constitution and a lot of supplementary measures the Assembly has worked out a number of very far-reaching laws on finance and taxation, some of which are of a highly complicated nature and required much discussion and careful scrutiny with regard to their effect on the economic life of the nation. It has worked out laws and regulations to encourage production in agriculture and industry; it has removed all sorts of privileges of property and caste; it has made easier the processes of expropriation for public purposes; and it has created not a few labor laws of the most beneficial kind, from the prescription of the maximum of eight hours work a day for all wage earners and salaried employees to the law on Shop Councils.* People know more of the political struggles and shortcomings of the new Republic than of its creative activities.

Article 165 of the German Constitution declares:

> Workers and salaried employees are called upon to coöperate in conjunction with the employers, on equal footing, in the settlement of the conditions of pay and work as well as in the economic development of the productive forces The organizations of both and their agreements are recognized.
>
> The workers and salaried employees are for the purpose of securing their social and economic interests given legal representation in the form of Shop Councils, as well as District Labor Councils organized according to industries, and a Central Labor Council (*Reichsarbeiterrat*).
>
> The District Labor Councils and the Central Labor Council unite with the representatives of the employers and of other concerned sections of the people to form District Councils of Economics and a Central Council of Economics for dealing with all the economic matters and for coöperation in the execution of laws on socialization.
>
> Bills of fundamental significance with regard to social and economic policy must before they are laid before Parliament be submitted by the government to the Central Council on Eco-

* A shop or establishment (*Betrieb*) is either any business enterprise as a whole or some separate part of a combined industrial concern.

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nomics for its expert opinion. The Central Council of Economics is entitled itself to promote such bills. If the government do not agree they are nevertheless bound to lay the bills before the Reichstag and set forth their opinion. The Central Council of Economics is entitled to have the bills advocated in the Reichstag by one of its own members.

The Labor Councils may be given powers of control and administration in the domains assigned to them.

The law on Shop Councils is the initial measure to put the provisions of this article into practice. It is, consequently, not to be regarded as an isolated statute of the rights of the workers in industrial matters. Its particular purpose is set forth in the first of its 106 paragraphs, as follows:

For securing the common economic interests of the employees (workers and salaried employees) against the employer and for supporting the employer in the fulfillment of the purposes of his establishment, Shop Councils must be created in all the establishments where usually at least twenty employees are occupied.

In establishments with less than twenty but at least five employees a shop speaker (*Obmann*) is to be elected. If wage earners and salaried employees do not agree on one person, each group can elect a speaker of its own, provided that it numbers at least five persons (Sec. 2). If an establishment employs at least twenty home-workers, for these, too, a Shop Council is to be elected (Sec. 3). Agricultural holdings must employ at least ten permanent employees to fall under the law (Sec. 4). The Shop Council consists of at least three and at most thirty members elected by secret ballot on the principle of proportional representation, wage earners and salaried employees voting generally in separate groups. All male and female employees of eighteen years and over are entitled to vote, and all of twenty-seven years and over who are not apprentices, who have been at least three years in the trade and not less than six months in the employ of the establishment, are eligible for election, so that, for example, a workingman at Krupp's who changes the particular shop in which he is working does not lose his eligibility.

Shop Councils of less than nine members elect a first and second chairman, larger Councils an Executive Committee of five for their representatives *vis-à-vis* the employer and for other business. At the sittings of the Council the employer or his representative takes part (Sec. 29) if he is invited or if the sitting is convoked on his request. On the demand of a fourth of the members of the Council a representative of the Trade Union of the occupied employees is to be invited to the sittings in order to take part in their deliberations. The same applies to the employers' organization. The law provides, furthermore, for establishment meetings of the whole of the employees which are convoked either by the chairman of the Council, by the request of the employer, or by at least a fourth of the employees, and to whose deliberations representatives of the respective trade societies also can be invited.

So far as to the construction and representation of the Councils. If we proceed to their functions as indicated in the first paragraph of the law, the words, 'and for supporting the employer,' etc., are interpreted by the Independents in their denunciations of the law as meaning that the employees must help the employer to make a good profit, because this, in the eyes of the capitalist, is the purpose of the establishment. But in fact the provision has nothing to do with the commercial side of the establishment; it refers only to its internal good working. The third section of the law — Sections 66 to 92 — deal-

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ing with 'the tasks and the competence of the Shop Councils,' makes the matter clear. It consists of three groups of provisions:

The first group deals with the rights and duties of the Councils to coöperate by support and advice in the economic life of the establishment. The second group regulates the putting into practice of the right of the Council to coöperate as an equal partner with the employer in the settlement of the conditions of work. The third group embraces the provisions concerning the right of the workers to a voice in the engagement and the dismissal of employees.

It is the first group which refers, not to the particular class interests of the employees, but to the interest of the establishment as such. Now, undoubtedly, the chief person interested in the good and undisturbed working of the establishment is the employer, namely, the capitalistic proprietor. But the employees have no interest to the contrary. Apart from cases of conflict it is to their interest, too, that the establishment and production and trade as a whole should prosper. Section 66 describes it as the duty of the Council:

> To support the management by advice in order to look in common with it to the possibly highest status and the possibly highest economy in the operation of the establishment.

But that imposes only a moral, not a compulsory, obligation. Nothing in the law compels a Council to give any advice which it regards as contrary to the interest of the employees.

The same applies to the second provision—'to coöperate helpfully in the introduction of new methods of work.' There is no threat of punishment if a Council withholds its advice and restricts its coöperation. Again, the moral obligation of the employees to 'protect the establishment against convulsion' is explained by a subsequent sentence which defines the 'protection' as 'application in cases of dispute, when an agreement cannot be arrived at by discussion, to the committee of conciliation or the proposed court of arbitration,' and there is, moreover, an express proviso concerning 'the rights of the Trade Unions of the workers and the salaried employees remaining reserved.'

This reservation of the rights and arrangements of the Trade Unions is repeated in one form or another at many other places. It is typical of the law and distinguishes it from the old law of the Empire about Workers' Committees (*Arbeiter-Ausschüsse*), which was intended rather as an antidote against the obnoxious Trade Unions. The new law is, on the contrary, quite plainly meant as a *supplement and support of the Trade Unions*. Point 5 of Sec. 66 enables the Councils

> to negotiate for the employees with the employer common rules of service or their emendation, *within the compass of the wage agreements in force,*

and Point 6 orders them

> to further good understanding of the employees among themselves and with the employer and to *stand for the right of combination of the trade.*

In this respect the provisions for the separate Councils of the workers and those of the salaried employees are no less significant. Section 78 orders these Councils

> to watch that in the establishment the legal regulations in favor of the employees and the decisive wage agreements as well as the recognized decisions of an arbitration committee or a joint conciliation board are carried out,

and further that

> where no settlement by a wage agreement exists, to coöperate on the basis of an understanding with the interested trade societies of the employees in the settling of the wages

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and the other conditions of work, and particularly in the settlement of the wages for piecework and jobwork, or in laying down the principles of their settlement; in the introduction of new methods of pay; in the fixation of the labor hours, especially when the regular hours are either lengthened or shortened; in the settlement of the furlough of the employees, and in settling the complaints regarding the training and the treatment of the apprentices.

A passionately-disputed point on which the Socialist members laid particular stress and won, namely, the representation of the Shop Council on the Board of Directors, is settled by Sec. 70, which runs thus:

In enterprises where a board of directors exists and where not by other laws an equal representation of the employees is provided, one or two members of the Shop Council are, in accordance with a particular law, sent into the boards of directors in order to represent the interests and demands of the employees as well as their views and desires as regards the organization of the establishment. The representatives have a seat and a voice on all the sittings of the board, but receive no other indemnification but an allowance for expenses. They are bound to observe silence on communications made to them in confidence.

Section 71 entitles the Shop Council 'to demand from the employer information on all the proceedings of the establishment which influence the contract and the work of the employees, provided that secrets of the enterprise are not endangered by it, and lay open to them the wages books and the documents that are necessary for the execution of existing wage agreements.'

The employer is also bound to report at least every three months on the situation and the prosperity of the enterprise and trade in general, and on the performances of the establishment and the probable demand for labor in particular. Section 72 entitles the Shop Councils of enterprises that employ at least 300 persons or 50 salaried employees to demand that every year a balance-sheet of the establishment and an account of gains and losses shall be submitted for inspection and elucidated. Here, again, as in the cases of Sec. 71, observation of silence on confidential communications is prescribed.

Of other points of more or less consequence the provisions concerning the enrolling and dismissal of employees are perhaps of special interest. Here the leading idea is not that the employer should be deprived of the right to select his employees but that the wage earners and salaried people should be protected against high-handed proceedings and that social, political, or religious tests should be prevented.

The Councils are entitled to protest against violation of the regulations, and dismissals that have been declared contrary to the regulations must be withdrawn, or the employer becomes liable to pay the dismissed employee for as many months' wages or salary as the dismissed has been years in his employ, pay for six months being the limit.

These are the main points of the law. As the product of a coalition between Socialists and middle-class Progressives it is certainly not perfect from the Socialist workers' point of view. On many points great concessions had to be made to middle-class ideology and interests, and altogether the law is very far from sanctioning the sacred dictature of the proletariat. Withal it is a tame and cautious, but not the less distinct, step toward a new order of things in workshop and office — the beginning of an advanced stage of industrial democracy. Its full significance will only be measurable when the supplementary laws, now in preparation, on the District Councils and the Central Council on Economics have received definite shape. These are now

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being discussed in committee, and a report of the Second Reading in committee has just appeared. But it is the coming Reichstag which will have the final say.

In the meantime, the elections to Local Shop Councils are in full swing, and the Independents and Communists who so much denounced the law as enslaving the workers, take part in the election with the greatest eagerness. They justify it by saying that they are going to use the Councils as a means for revolutionizing industry from within. Whatsoever may be understood by this, if the Councils offer them such a possibility, the law would seem even from their own point of view scarcely to justify the abuse which they have showered on it.

AS SPAIN SEES EUROPE

[*Heraldo de Madrid* (Liberal Daily), *April 15*]

1. *The Ruin of European Culture*

BY BALDOMERO ARGENTE

FAITH in indefinite progress is merely another way of expressing our limited vision. We see that the world has been going forward during our lifetime and assume that it will continue to do so. But I am convinced that our present civilization is about to perish the way earlier civilizations have perished. Men may say that then we shall have a new civilization, better and grander than the previous one.

But are they sure that the present civilization is better than the civilization which preceded it? What real advantages has it over the civilization of Rome and Greece, which we know the best? We have never impartially studied Egyptian civilization, except during its period of decadence. We have nothing but horror tales of the civilization of the Assyrians and the Armenians, handed down corrupted through subsequent ages of barbarism, when their ancient glory had completely disappeared. We did not know India until the course of its history was run, too late to witness its golden age. Buddha, with whom our real knowledge of India begins, is the hero of that country's eventide; his philosophy is the philosophy of resignation, of self-abnegation, of the suppression of this life in the hope of another life which will reward the good and punish the evil. That is a system of morals which only presents itself in periods of decadence, when a civilization is falling into ruin and all hope of restoring its grandeur has been lost. It is the system of morals of the Christians of Galilee, persecuted and oppressed under the Roman yoke. It is the equivalent of the Messiah doctrine of the Jews, who, having lost confidence in their own power, hoped for miracles. It is the morality of the Greek philosophers and Roman slaves, when every effort at rebellion had been suppressed and they were at last convinced of their own impotence. It is the system of morals of the Middle Ages, which made way for an unexpected resurrection of paganism when the world was reborn in the fifteenth century. It is the morality of the followers of Tolstoi, and of certain sects of the Russian pro-

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letariat, who profess the doctrine of non-resistance to evil. It is the philosophy, finally, of modern anarchism, which sees no hope of salvation in the present social system, but in some other system of the future, still far distant, to which the individual anarchist sacrifices himself. Anarchism will be fundamentally identical with the doctrine of a Messiah when it shall have renounced a policy of violence, as the Roman slaves finally renounced that policy after their repeated insurrections had been invariably suppressed.

All that is left us of India, China, or Persia, is a few literary monuments, a few legends, a few crumbling ruins. What fair estimate can we make of their civilizations? But if we compare ourselves with Rome and Greece, the result is not to our advantage. Let us measure ourselves with the thinkers and artists of that age. They excelled us in the finer arts of life, if not in the science of production. We have powder and paper and printing, but the Chinese possessed these arts for centuries. However, that did not prevent their slumbering deeply through a thousand years.

Then we have steam. But perhaps we attach too much importance to this discovery. It has been a useful servant, but steam power has never restored a decadent nation nor checked the extinction of people who were on the road to oblivion. Steam and electricity have widened the area within which civilization moves, but they have not improved that civilization.

This is because the essence of a civilization does not consist in its material factors but in its spiritual and moral factors. It is intelligence and will power — human components — that determine the youthful vigor or the senile weakness of a civilization. What good will all our discoveries and inventions do us if a time comes when men will refuse to learn and illiteracy spreads and society plunges into the depths of ignorance and benightedness?

These Moors, barbarous and brave men though they be, whom we are fighting to-day, are the descendants of the very Moors who at the time of their highest religious exaltation built the Mosque of Cordova, and in sensuous relaxation wove with miracle-making hands the delicate traceries of the Alhambra. They created a philosophy and a poetry. They drew from the earth all that it had of value for mankind; they added to the sciences a knowledge of medicine. All Europe studied at Cordova. But the bearers of this civilization passed out through the portal of destiny; the glory of their culture was extinguished; and their descendants now are rated among the savage tribes of the earth.

Who would have recognized in the Spain of 1700, ignorant, famished, intimidated, the Spain of 1550? We had explored the world, created a new geography, given a new impulse to navigation, outlined a new botany, laid the foundations for comparative philology, circumnavigated the globe, conquered a continent, given birth to new schools of art and of grammar and of mysticism. We were the masters at Church Councils and the military leaders of Europe. A century and a half later our nation had crumbled into ruins. It had no army, no navy, no science, no art. Even our nobility could not read. Our residences and palaces were falling to pieces, because we did not command the simple skill to repair them. The people of Spain could neither weave, nor work their mines, nor build houses, nor perform any art or trade. We were a mere barbarian horde on the outskirts of Europe.

What happened in case of the Moors and of Spain, and to all Europe after

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the barbarian invasions—may not that happen to Europe again? Did all our discoveries prevent our sinking into the abyss of the seventeenth century? Have they prevented Russia's reverting to barbarism to-day? And, in fact, have they made the modern world fundamentally superior to the ancient world, as we are always so ready to assume? Did not the older civilizations have their compensations? Of the Roman world we know only so much as was salvaged from shipwreck in the Middle Ages. How many spiritual forces and experiences may have enriched those civilizations of which we have not to-day the remotest suspicion, because they have disappeared without a trace?

When the present civilization shall have passed away some monuments and some books may survive. But fifteen hundred years after it has been obliterated from the memory of living men, will those books and monuments be able to give that later generation of a new race, cut off from us by perhaps a thousand years of barbarism, an adequate conception of the civilization of to-day? Most assuredly no. Our own civilization is more fragile than those of old. The science of which we are so proud may be forgotten. Our modern buildings may sink to indistinguishable ruins. The thread of history may be broken. And the men of the future age may know of our existing civilization only as much as we, in visiting a cemetery, know of the experiences and thoughts of the dead who repose in its bosom. They will know of us only what we know of them — that they are human beings, and that they will toil to raise some edifice of civilization as we have toiled to raise our own.

It is merely an illusion, this progress. Europe is already over the summit of the present epoch, and on the downward slope to its decline. It is approaching the sunset of its grandeur. The light that illumines us to-day is the light of afternoon. Our great thinkers and our great artists and our great moralists have ended their tasks. An atmosphere of egoism and corruption permeates society. Sensual pleasure supplants generous and noble emotion. We have all the symptoms of a people in process of disintegration. Our main aim is to get money. Vice is tolerated while we do obeisance to hypocrisy. Patriotism is disappearing. The only science that makes progress is science applied to material things. These are all the same symptoms that manifested themselves during the decadence of Rome.

Externally, our civilization retains its brilliance. Luxury abounds. But it is decayed at heart. Criminality, moral obliquity, class hatred, anarchy and violence, a struggle between capital and labor, the destruction of the family sentiment, the absence of community solidarity, pessimism, skepticism — all these are symptoms of the decline of a civilization. They are more obvious among the Latin nations than among the Anglo-Saxons, not because of difference in race, but because in our countries the social structure shows more evidence of age, on account of our older culture.

One prominent sign of this retrocession, visible to everyone, is emigration. People are deserting Europe, fleeing its soil, which they say is not exhausted but sequestrated by a few thousand monopolists. The country people are herding in the cities, and our fields are untilled and our countrysides depopulated.

But the towns themselves are a ferment of moral and material putrefaction. The birth rate is declining, immorality is increasing, tuberculosis is adding to its victims, alcoholism is

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inflicting new wounds on the community. These are the superficial lesions that betray the general corruption that poisons the blood of our civilization.

Added to all this is our national hypochondria, sadness, despair, the impulse to suicide. What a distance separates ourselves from the days of Boccaccio, filled as they were with the spirit of vigor, joy, hope, and anticipation, which accompany a youthful civilization!

However, since society does not obey the same laws as a human organism, civilization will in time rejuvenate itself. It is not destined to perish entirely. It is its destiny to die only to rise again from its own ashes. It recovered its youth several times in Rome alone — after each conquest that placed new land at the disposal of the proletariat. Its ultimate decline did not begin until it reached its ultimate frontiers. In Europe, every revolution has restored the youth of society, because it has created a new subdivision of land, dividing up the estates of the church or of the nobility. Colonial conquests have shifted the sites of civilization, and we see to-day the Spain of a former age still surviving in parts of America. But the time will come when the people will no longer have the strength to revolt, and the nations of Europe will disappear one after another, never to revive until after a long night of barbarism.

[*Hamburger Nachrichten* (Conservative Daily), *April 24*]

II. *Europe's Conditions of Recovery: A Catalonian Opinion*

BY FRANCISCO CAMBÓ

An acute crisis of a five-fold character now afflicts every country, regardless of whether it participated in the war or not. This is a crisis of industry, currency, finance, politics, and morals. Similar periods of acute tension have always occurred in the historic eras which mark the boundary between two ages and two social philosophies. What makes the present condition so hopeless is the absence of a powerful authority recognized by all. For just a single moment the human race thought it saw salvation in Wilson's ambitious scheme — the League of Nations. But the present disillusionment of the world with that project exceeds even the enthusiasm which welcomed its first appearance. No one now expects anything from such a league; and every day the conviction gains ground that the world does not possess the transcendent political, spiritual, military, and, let us say, even anarchist, power to restore order and system to the chaos which now surrounds us.

In normal times the increase of products is accompanied by a decline of prices, and by a consequent increase in consumption. Abnormal consumption, on the other hand, stimulates production; and thus there is a constant balance established between the two. During the war, and still more since the armistice, production has declined to a frightful extent. While the war continued men devoted themselves mainly to destruction: they wasted instead of producing. Belligerent nations used up the personal reserves of their subjects, reserves which were ten times larger than all the accumulations in the great market and storehouse centres. When the war ended, normal production could not be restored. Men who had just emerged from four or five years of suffering believed that they were entitled to a better living than before, and began to consume goods lavishly because they thought that was living better. Unhappily this increased consumption was not matched by a

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corresponding increase in labor, which alone could have met the deficit thus created.

One cancer eating away the economic solvency of the world, the greatest folly of which mankind has been guilty since its beginning, is the enactment of a statutory eight-hour day in the face of such an economic crisis. Before the war, a reduction in the hours of labor was occurring normally and rationally, to the mutual benefit of both employers and employees. In the struggle with nature, the human brain was winning a victory with such rapidity that the demand for a higher standard of living did not keep pace with it. The conquests of applied science constantly increased the output of our industries in the more progressive countries — compelling a similar increase in more backward lands — which enabled the hours of work to be reduced progressively without disturbing the economic balance. But when the world ran off the tracks, so to speak, and production was disastrously checked, governments boldly agreed upon a measure of the only kind upon which they seem able to agree — a measure to multiply the ills of mankind, accentuate crises, and advertise their own follies. The result is what always happens when men sin against the laws of reason. A shorter working day has resulted in a disgraceful but speedy enrichment of employers, increased suffering for the workingman, and a new source of trial and unrest for all mankind. Products whose prices were formerly determined by competition have become disproportionately costly, because the decrease in output has killed competition, and the cost of production instead of being diminished by shorter working hours has been doubled and trebled. We have the statutory eight-hour day to thank for the fact that wealthy men now are growing wealthier faster than ever, while the average citizen, the poor man, and the workingman, are growing relatively poorer.

What is the remedy for this economic crisis? It is as simple as it is imperative and inflexible. Either the human race must make a tremendous effort to produce more, or it must reconcile itself to an inexorable decline in the standard of living. Men must either obey the stern laws of economics or they must submit to famine and destitution.

This crisis in production is accentuated by the currency crisis. While hitherto money has facilitated commerce among nations, and a large circulation has been an indication of national prosperity, to-day money has become a barrier to international trade, and its abundance is the most accurate barometer of economic ruin.

The outcome of paper inflation, by which governments have endeavored to create a fictitious wealth in place of true wealth, and have incurred debts for which they have no corresponding assets, is illustrated by the world-wide financial crisis which has Germany as its focus. Let the reader imagine what would happen in any one of these insolvent nations, now seeking to cover its debts by enormous taxes, if the currency situation were again to become normal. Germany has been forced to levy taxes of as much as two millions of marks upon single industrial establishments. So long as a mark is only one tenth its nominal value that establishment can pay the tax with ease; for the price it receives in gold for the goods it exports is multiplied by ten or twelve when converted into paper money at home. The annual profits of such an establishment may easily be ten millions of marks. But the moment that the value of the mark doubles, assuming the tax to remain two million marks, the profits of the

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firm reckoned in that currency will no longer be ten millions, but only five millions. In other words its tax will rise to forty per cent of its profits. Were the mark again to double in value, and the tax to remain the same as to-day, the entire profits of the firm might not meet its charges to the government. Obviously, therefore, a restoration of the currency to its normal worth is impossible in Germany, even though the whole nation labor without the hope of wage or profit; for the product of such labor would not pay the public burdens alone. It is clear, therefore, that an inflated currency is the deadliest possible enemy of labor.

Considering now the political crisis, the fundamental cause of our present difficulties is that the tasks confronting the governments are beyond the capacity of the men entrusted with them. This is not an unprecedented situation. It is one that has grown increasingly evident ever since the French Revolution. That revolution destroyed the traditional political organism of the people, which had grown up in the course of centuries. It swept away local, communal, professional, and guild authority, and left nothing but an all-powerful central government, which entrusted supreme authority to men too weak for such a burden. All our constitutions are drafted on this principle — to create a government which shall be supreme. People naturally hate and persecute whatever opposes their desire for social and political unity and uniformity. None the less professional and trade organizations had recovered real influence before the war, a fact with which revolutionary leveling parties had to reckon. These trade and professional organizations were a standing proof of the untenability of the dogma that man is merely a citizen, and not primarily a member of an economic class. Then came the war to sweep away again our old creeds and convictions, and to overthrow the principles of the French Revolution. Instead of citizens, we now have members of powerful professional and class societies. Vocational interests have become supreme over political interests. This is perhaps the most important revolution of ideas in the history of civilization.

We must not assume offhand that these new groups, whether composed of employers or employees, are merely destructive. They stand for positive efforts and achievements which cannot be disregarded. We must train ourselves to recognize that they are really organs of government, instead of disintegrating elements within the government. Our task here is clearly laid out. It is to make professional and class organizations part of our constitutional machinery. I object only to confining this right of participation in the government to radical or labor organizations. If our present parliamentary system is to survive, it is my firm conviction that we must have a bicameral legislature of which one chamber shall be composed of representatives of the citizens as citizens, while the other chamber represents the classes, trades, and professions, as classes, trades, and professions. If we are to follow this policy, and grant professional and trade organizations legislative authority corresponding to their real power in society, we must first provide that these trade and professional organizations are themselves a true expression of the will of their individual members. It would be intolerable for them to become mere tools of an arbitrary minority of their members.

It is an era of national and constitutional crises: it is also an era of crises for every cabinet and group of statesmen in the world. Is this because the men entrusted with political control

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to-day are inferior in character and ability to those of former times? No, they are the same kind of men. The trouble is that the tasks which confront them are greater than those which confronted their predecessors. The demands made upon statesmanship have multiplied, but statesmen have remained the same.

We now come to the last and most ominous of all the crises in which we are involved — the crisis of morals. This reveals itself in a wave of materialism, a thirst for money which has supplanted all regard for moral and spiritual values. In the first days of the war we could indeed recognize moral forces. Thousands of men stood ready to sacrifice their lives and property for the common welfare. But the longer the war continued, the more it ceased to be a sacrifice of the individual for the community, and the more it became a business for the profit of individuals. The people were separated into two categories — those who fought for their country and were impoverished, and those who lived in comfort and enriched themselves unblushingly from the misery of their fellows.

Unless we can restore those spiritual and moral values to their old esteem, none of the present problems of mankind, and above all none of the social problems, can be solved. Humanity cannot be rescued, and no solution for social crises can be found, until the conviction is borne into our minds that life is something more than service to the appetites. From a purely material point of view, perhaps, the life of the spirit may not seem as necessary to human existence as political life. It might be likened to the lubricant in a vast machine. To the ignorant onlooker it does not seem important, but deprive the machinery of this and it soon begins to run heavily and haltingly, and speedily comes to a standstill. In the same way, if we deprive the most perfect political mechanism of its spiritual and moral elements, and reduce it to a purely material basis, we have friction, heated bearings, broken parts, and ultimate destruction. We do need to create these spiritual and moral factors: we have always had them, and they have in the past guided and inspired our civilization — that civilization, the very existence of which is now at stake. These two indispensable elements, without which modern culture and society cannot endure, are a religious ideal, which makes us look beyond the present, and a patriotic ideal, which inspires us with a higher and unselfish devotion for the community which surrounds us.

[*The Statist* (British Financial Commercial Weekly), *May 1*]

SPANISH AMERICA'S FUTURE

BY DON AUGUSTIN EDWARDS

Spanish is the speech of eighteen sovereign nations and several great and populous islands. Eighty-two millions of human beings speak the language of Cervantes, say their prayers in it, plight their troth in it, recount their sorrows, enact their laws, conduct their trade, bargain, offer, and plead in that language. Turning from Spanish to English, we find that the latter language is spoken by two sovereign nations and the British Dominions, and is the speech of, approximately, one hundred and seventy million human beings. The English and Spanish between them — that is to say, those who speak English and Spanish tongues — amount to, roughly, two hundred and fifty million human beings. With the exception of the respective mother countries — the British Islands and Spain themselves — every

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country where English or Spanish is the language of the people is capable of supporting a population many times greater than that which it boasts now: given their natural wealth, it is probable that in the coming years the body of human beings speaking Spanish or English will grow as rapidly as it has grown during the last seventy years, or even more rapidly. Take the period of 1850, for example: we shall find that the English-speaking population of the world was fifty-two and one quarter millions, and the Spanish-speaking, roughly, thirty-four millions. Seventy years ago, therefore, the English-speaking and Spanish-speaking population amounted to somewhat over eighty-six millions. To-day it is two hundred and fifty millions. That is to say, in seventy years it has nearly trebled. According to very careful calculations, the total population of the world in 1850 was nine hundred and ten millions; so that, in that year, nine and one half per cent of the human race spoke either Spanish or English.

To-day, the population of the world is calculated at something over one thousand six hundred millions. Consequently, the proportion has risen to nearly sixteen per cent. Taking the potential habitable globe, as we know it, at something under thirty million square miles, Spanish-America constitutes more than a quarter, and potentially from the habitable point of view it represents a still greater asset. The area of the British Empire is estimated at thirteen million square miles; and, consequently, it will be seen that the Spanish-speaking world and the English-speaking world between them have something like two thirds of the earth's habitable area. From the point of view of its capacity for maintaining a large number of inhabitants in a relatively high degree of comfort and efficiency, Spanish America offers facilities which are not offered in the same measure, and to the same extent, in any other portion of the habitable globe. It is true that the total land surface of the earth, if we include the Antarctic continent, is estimated at some fifty-five million square miles. But immense tracts of what for convenience are called parts of the earth's surface, from the point of view of anybody living upon them, might as well be in the planet Mars. The Antarctic continent, whatever its potentialities in the future may be, offers very little attraction for habitation as things are at present. Whether it would be possible to work the collieries, although the coal is visible through the ice, remains to be seen. Certain it is that under any conditions that we know, no large number of inhabitants could exist for any considerable time upon the Antarctic continent. It is estimated that only about half, or a little less than half, the land surface of the earth is really suitable for habitation by man. Spanish America, on the contrary, is peculiarly favored as a scene for human operations. One of the great difficulties that was experienced on the emancipation of the slaves in various parts of Spanish America has been the extreme ease with which these people have been able to make a living, and the little inducement which they have had to exert themselves to obtain any necessities. Over a large part of Spanish America clothing is a matter of propriety rather than of necessity.

Food people must have, even in the Tropics. But in the favored regions of the greater part of Spanish America, particularly if we include Portuguese America as well, the ease with which food is obtained enables the natives to sustain life with, perhaps, the minimum of exertion which is required from any people on the globe. Most races of the earth are accustomed to

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visitations either of drought or intense cold, or some natural phenomenon which militates against their efforts at obtaining food and raw materials. Practically, it may be said that, with the exception of an occasional earthquake, which rarely affects any extensive area, Spanish America knows nothing of the visitations to which other countries are subject. More than half of Asia is desert. Something like one third of Africa is desert. Australasia, although it has only a population of a few million people covering the fringe of its seacoast, is accustomed to see one third of its sheep population disappear through drought and famine in the course of a few years. South Americans who have not traveled or made themselves thoroughly well acquainted with the conditions prevailing in other parts of the earth, and people inhabiting other parts of the earth, who know little or nothing of South America, have no real appreciation of the extraordinary fertility and the natural fecundity of Spanish America from the Rio Grande to Tierra del Fuego.

The very snow-clad mountains in the great Spanish-speaking continent afford opportunities for a variety of cultivation which is unobtainable in tropical regions. In the north of the continent it is possible, even, under the Equator, to grow cereals and vegetables which are associated with the regions lying between the fortieth and the sixtieth parallels of north latitude. People living, for example, on the plateau of Colombia would tell you that they rarely, or never, have a fire, but that they would generally like to have one. The temperature over parts of these regions is very much what we are accustomed to here on a fine but chilly day in the late autumn. These are regions situated in the latitude of the Equator, but at an elevation something like twice that of Ben Nevis. Now, while these conditions prevail in the Andean plateau, a few hours' ride down the mountains plunges one at once into a rich tropical humid forest doubtless requiring drainage, and drainage upon an extensive scale. But where the temperature rises rapidly to ninety degrees, where the rich soil produces in rank profusion enormous quantities of what we call creepers and weeds and other vegetation which man regards as a nuisance—but which as a matter of fact testify to the extraordinary fertility of these regions—and whenever man takes the trouble to clear this land, its capacity for producing sugar, cocoa, tobacco, and all the rich products of the Tropics is amply demonstrated.

We have on more than one occasion pointed out that it is only within the last twenty years that it has been really practicable to take an inventory of the potentialities of the vast continent of South America. Until the beginning of the present century it was a problem whether the tropical regions of the earth were suitable for the existence of the white man at all, whether the diseases which appeared to be endemic in those countries could be ever extirpated. And there was a general impression that the white man, at any rate, could never hope to make his home under the cloudless skies and brilliant sunshine of the Tropics. We owe it to the advance of medical science and the willingness, particularly of the United States Government, to put that science to a practical test, to demonstrate that such theories are quite out of date. There seems no reason to doubt that in the approaching and very near future, the Tropics will be as suitable for the white man as any other part of the earth. It would really appear that man is very well fitted for living on almost any part of the globe provided he is able to obtain the means

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of protecting himself from exceptional cold, occasionally from heat, and from the rare violence of an earthquake.

Now, while the impression prevailed that the white man could not live in the Tropics, it was assumed that the diseases which proved so injurious to the white man were quite innocuous to the inhabitants of those regions. It has been demonstrated that such a conception is totally wrong. One of the causes of the backwardness of the colored races of the Tropics, and, perhaps, the principal cause, is the fact that they are never really a healthy race. It would appear that one of the great contributory causes of man's progress in the temperate zone is the fact that, owing to its comparative lack of fecundity, it is the easiest part of the earth in which to make progress. In the Tropics the very fecundity and fertility of the land militates against extirpating noxious germs, while, of course, it assists and stimulates the healthy ones.

In the temperate regions the minute forms of life which exist in such abundance in the Tropics are destroyed, either altogether, or during a portion of the year; and, consequently, in the temperate zone man has a far greater opportunity for making progress. We have called attention from time to time to the fact that there is not, and never has been, yellow fever in Barbadoes, and this is due to the fact that in the island of Barbadoes there are no swamps. The intense fertility of the Tropics, and particularly the well-watered areas of the Tropics, will give exceptional advantages to man now that he is learning how to control the extreme energy of those forces which are unfavorable to his development. It has been proved that drainage — and practically drainage alone — is all that is required for making the Tropics really healthy and habitable.

Spanish America contains the finest river system to be found in any part of the globe. Including the Amazon, which is the most magnificent river known to man, there is throughout the centre of the most prolific part of the continent a river system extending for over thirty thousand miles. It would have long since attracted immigrants from various parts of the world, but for the inability of man to deal with the drainage of these regions, and so make them healthy and habitable. Even now, although we are well acquainted with the causes of the vast majority of tropical diseases, to deal with a great area such as that of tropical South America would require great expenditure both of capital, and of man-power. Once these are applied to the opening up of this vast region it will be possible to maintain, and to maintain in greater comfort than is usually enjoyed by the vast majority of the earth's inhabitants, an enormous population.

How great a population could be supported in the most fertile parts of Spanish America it is not possible to say, because we have really no data to go upon. There are no records of a civilized race ever having inhabited under industrial conditions a region of the great fertility of tropical Spanish America. And, consequently, until these regions are drained and provided with adequate transportation, and trade and industry are established, and the fertility of the soil is amply used, it will not be possible to estimate with any approximation to accuracy the potentialities of this region for sustaining man, and for sustaining him in comfort to which only the more favored are accustomed in other parts of the world.

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[*London Outlook* (Conservative Literary Weekly), *May 8*]

POLITICS VERSUS PROGRESS IN SOUTH AFRICA

BY CHARLES DAWBARN

THE war has changed many things, and nothing perhaps more profoundly than the relations between Empire and Dominions. Canada has shown the way by creating new diplomatic channels of her own. In the Union of South Africa other forces are at work. We have seen them in the elections. Republicanism speaks on the hustings — even if it takes the oath of allegiance in the Assembly. Undoubtedly a new spirit prevails as the result of new conditions. There is a desire for an enlarged status, common to all the colonies. It is due to services in the war, to participation in the Peace of Paris and the League of Nations, to the growth of national sentiment. These new relations between mother country and daughter states will probably be defined by a new conference in London, for the meeting in 1917 could not deal with them. They will be more elastic and yet they possess, perhaps, new elements of strength.

The Union has forged new links of Empire under Botha and Smuts. Its forces captured German Southwest, and its purse paid the expense. Considerable numbers of South African Dutch fought side by side with our own men on the French front; their fame has already been sung by Colonel Buchan in official history. And yet and yet . . . a new spirit has arisen, which augurs not well. For some reason, not easy to define, the Boers have grown resentful, have broken out in a new place. The old misunderstanding and suspicion have sprouted afresh.

Down in the back veld, where they are miles from newspapers and telephones, where they have been listening to lies, they are convinced that England is on the verge of bankruptcy. They are also convinced that in some way South Africa has to share in the financial burdens of England. Such nonsense had its effect on election day, though General Smuts in his great speeches at Pretoria told the people that their credit stood higher than that of any other country save America. And the high cost of living, that bogey of the Nationalists, is nothing compared with prices in England. South Africa is a land of plenty; importation of foodstuffs has practically ceased, and there is enough and to spare for everybody.

Notwithstanding Smuts and his gallantry and prestige in the councils of Europe, there are the election results giving a solid phalanx of votes — superior to the South African party — Botha's own creation — to the avowed enemies of the Imperial connection. The predicants who, in spite of their profession, are bitter folk, had something to do with this result, for they preached racialism in and out of the pulpit, as if, as has been suggested to me, their own influence were waning and they were clutching at any straw to restore it. Unquestionably, those who heard them gladly have not yet recovered from the shock of learning, as late in the day as possible, that Germany did not beat England and reduce her to the dust, as was their fond anticipation.

So we have conflicting currents at work here. We have the formative school of Smuts and the disruptive tendencies of Hertzog. Personally, I believe that much of the so-called republicanism is mere electioneering; but it represents a tendency which is not in accord with the progress and development of South Africa. And to meet that tendency Smuts has to steer

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his barque with singular caution to avoid the quicksands of a watchful opposition. Nor dare he signal too openly the invitation to the likely immigrant: 'Come over and help us.' That would arouse at once the reactionary elements.

The vista of an Africa ready for the right sort of man, with capital and brains, is blurred by the uncertainties of the situation. The spirit of exclusion is once more evident. That the Boer from his stoop shall not see his neighbor's smoke is to him the *summum bonum* of existence. As long as such spirit prevails, so long shall the development of South Africa be delayed. For the country needs population. Its vast unpeopled spaces call aloud for homesteads.

Open the door just a little to the immigrant and you will solve problems of the Boer and Briton and Black and White. If white men come into the country, they need not fear black predominance, and with their youthful vigor will push aside the old obstructions. But they need encouragement in the early stages, some scheme of state-aided immigration.

Yet will internal pressure prove eventually too strong? Large farms must be split up under the lure of high prices and with the expensive aid of irrigation. And yet the latest figures show only eleven per cent increase in the white community — utterly inadequate if one would stem the tide of colored and native births. Presently they will possess the earth by reason of their vitality. The proportion of five to one in the sub-continent must be deepening into a still richer flood of black and brown men.

A proper system of immigration would rectify the inequalities. If England's millions could pour into the country, taking up its splendid land and utilizing its pasturage, then many difficulties would disappear: political, racial, and economic. Many of those difficulties arise from ceaseless gyrations round a dead centre. Enlarge your area, open the windows and a healthful gust of fresh air will do the rest. But, unfortunately, a deadlock reigns. No party has any real power in the state, and there is nothing but a balanced sterility.

Yet the country can hardly be kept back long; this is merely a temporary check, which must yield to the march of events, to the attraction exercised by vast and dazzling resources. The last unconquered Continent, the last uncivilized tracts must, sooner or later, be brought beneath the dominance of the white man. The progress, even in dispiriting circumstances, has been marvelous. Time was when the cattle, poor and often in-bred, perished by the thousand, a prey to disease by flies. Now dips have been established everywhere, and the cattle saved for the nobler end of the white man's table. And prize beasts change hands at a thousand guineas at stock sales, which would be worthy even of Australia. Moreover, scientific investigation reveals the riches of soil and sub-soil. Coal exists in prodigious quantities, fairly easy to work; iron ore, with its suggestion of a vast new industry, has been found near Pretoria. There is copper; gold and diamonds have brought amazing wealth to the dominion, and there is more than a hint of wondrous new metals in the mountains. No, South Africa cannot close its doors for all the politico-mongering in the world. Such mediæval temper as there is cannot last forever.

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[*Le Populaire* (Paris Radical Socialist Daily), *April 26*]

RUSSIA AND EUROPE'S RECONSTRUCTION

BY LEONID KRASSIN

As disciples of Marx we were convinced that the first cannon shot of the World War announced the doom of the capitalist system. To be sure, capitalism was not so highly developed in Russia as in western European countries. Feudalism, bureaucracy, and Tsarism still reigned over us. Moreover, our bourgeoisie had little importance or power. Consequently, the middle classes were not able to oppose vigorous resistance to the proletariat, who were filled with deeper indignation and rage by their war suffering than the masses of any other country.

When the Bolshevist revolution occurred, the first measure taken by the Soviet Government was to socialize land, workshops, factories, and banks, and to establish a dictatorship of the proletariat. This explains why our government at once found every other government in the world arrayed against it. Our effort to restore peace immediately created the most resentment. German imperialism replied by taking the offensive in Southern Russia, Esthonia, and Finland, and imposed upon us the hateful treaty of Brest-Litovsk. We have been much criticized by the Entente for signing this treaty. I know that. But in spite of every objection the Communist party, upon the advice of Lenin, accepted the treaty in order to gain time—to win a breathing spell. His prophecy that its provisions would speedily be annulled by a German revolution came true.

Every effort of the Entente to crush us has been as futile as that of Germany. The conspiracy of Jaroslav, the Czecho-Slovak campaign, and the civil wars in the Valley of the Don and in the Ukraine, have failed. I attribute the ill success of these efforts to the fact that the Russian people comprehended that they were all part of a great scheme to reëstablish Tsarism and private property in land.

However, we have been obliged to fight fourteen different governments allied against us by Entente intrigues. They have sent troops of every race and color, including negroes, to fight us on the Murman coast, at Archangel, Odessa, and Nikolayef. During these past two years the situation of Soviet Russia has been very similar to that of France during the great Revolution. Like the latter country we have been forced to take up arms against a world of enemies, all of whom we have finally checked. The most dangerous of them, Kolchak, Denikin, and Judenich, have been completely crushed by the Red army.

However, for a time our victory seemed very uncertain. Ruined by four years of warfare, Russia was stripped of the provinces which furnished its most important raw materials. It was facing enemies with well-organized finances, great technical equipment, and military experience. I attribute our victory over these to our Communist organization—only that could have crushed capitalism—and to the admirable loyalty of the Russian people and their perseverance and determination. The

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combative instinct and enthusiasm of the peasants and working people rose almost to a paroxysm. They enrolled in the formations of the Red army with a spirit of exaltation: they have given their lives by thousands for the great cause of Socialism. These sacrifices have united them firmly. The peasants, who for the most part are not Communists, have never lived so well as they do to-day, and they now comprehend that the Soviet system suits them better than any other. At the outset our Red armies were defeated partly because they lacked technical equipment, but largely on account of the distrust and hostility of the peasants. But since the latter understand the real purpose of the counter-revolution, which is to reëstablish the throne of the Tsars, to restore the great landlords, and to subject the commons again to capitalist exploitation, the peasants firmly believe that the Soviet Government is the only organization which will defend sincerely their interests and those of the other working classes.

Judenich, Kolchak, and Denikin did us invaluable service in the territories which they temporarily occupied. Consequently whenever we advanced against them our armies received great accessions of recruits from the country through which we passed. The peasants flocked to our standards, asking only an opportunity to exterminate the 'Whites.'

I am informed by the Commander-in-Chief of the Red army, General Kamenief, a distinguished general of the old government who has entered the service of the revolution, that the Communist party by its superhuman efforts has been a prime factor in bringing about this triumph of Soviet Russia. The nucleus of the Red army was composed originally of industrial workers who were members of that party. It is they who have communicated to the peasants, who now form the bulk of our forces, the fervent enthusiasm which distinguishes them. Face to face with such men the Tsarist officers and their 'White' troops had no chance whatever.

Now the more intelligent diplomats of England and France are beginning to see that the grain and the raw materials of Russia are indispensable for the reconstruction of Europe. So I consider that Soviet Russia is approaching the end of the belligerent period of its organization. Neither the Allies nor the countries bordering upon us are eager to resume the struggle. We have not as yet made peace with Poland and Finland. I do not at this moment expect them to take the offensive. In case they do we shall be on our guard, and we shall defend ourselves the easier because the annexationist ambitions of Poland and France have inspired bitter resentment among all classes in Russia, including the bourgeoisie and the old civil servants, who are otherwise hostile to our régime. Yes, even the exiles would resist such aggression.

South Russia now wishes to reconstruct its shattered habitation. It wants a respite from suffering. We hope that this may be granted us by the coöperation of other lands, and above all of the manufacturers of England and America. If we have to depend on our own resources alone, it will take a very long period to recover from our present prostration. We shall be condemned to years of cruel suffering. Our country, to be sure, has become habituated to suffering by the trials through which it has lately passed, but if we suffer, all the human race will suffer too. One half of Europe is in ruins. The war has destroyed the normal relations between countries. Thousands of cities and factories and

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railways must be rebuilt. Lack of coal and of raw materials is paralyzing industry even in the victorious nations. These needs, and especially the demand for food, can be supplied only with Russia's assistance. Consequently the resumption of normal relations with us is for the interest of all Europe. It tried for two years to crush us: now the time is come for the capitalist world to make terms with the Soviet Republic.

Such terms cannot be discussed except on the basis of equality. Soviet Russia has not been defeated. It cannot treat with other nations except subject to the conditions that the political and social principles upon which its government is based be recognized by those nations. I see in the capitalist newspapers that the delegates of the capitalist governments now assume the right to impose upon the Soviet Government conditions incompatible with the principles for which the Russian proletariat has been fighting for two years. After failing to crush us by force, they wish now to bribe us to a betrayal of our beliefs. Soviet Russia is not yet so badly off that it must purchase the resumption of diplomatic and consular relations by such means. It demands first of all that the military attacks upon it cease and that the blockade be raised. We require this not only of the Entente, but likewise of the governments which are our neighbors, particularly Poland and Finland, who are receiving military and financial support from the Allied governments.

Unless these two conditions are granted, there can be no resumption of commerce between the Soviet Republic and Western Europe. That would be rendered impossible in any case by the necessity of using our railways to transport troops instead of to reconstruct our industries.

In case normal relations are resumed, our most urgent need is for locomotives. We have not less than a billion poods of grain (sixteen million tons!) which we can export. But we must have locomotives to carry it to the seaboard. Russia would have no difficulty in paying with gold and silver for its first deliveries of locomotives and rolling stock. Our future purchases, however, would have to be made in return for our commodities. We are ready to take practically all the pre-war stocks stored in Western Europe, and to pay for them with these raw materials.

We are also ready to negotiate with a view to granting concessions to foreign merchants and manufacturers. The development of our native resources — forests, mines, fisheries, and the like — offers most tempting prospects. The Soviet Government desires to develop these resources, and is ready to grant concessions to private enterprises which will utilize them. This applies particularly to our forests and fisheries. Such concessions will authorize the receiver to organize his undertaking with his own capital and equipment, and his own engineers and managers. Naturally he will have to observe the laws of the republic for the protection of labor. The profits of the enterprise will be shared between the Soviet Government and the grantee, for a fixed period, according to the terms specified in the concession. No tax will be levied on exportation. At the expiration of the contract the enterprise will become government property.

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[*Kölnische Zeitung* (Conservative Daily, British Occupied Territory), *May 7*]

AFTER SAN REMO

It would be difficult to overestimate the significance of the San Remo Conference for the world's political future. It not only settles for the time being the question of the Near East, which has disturbed the history of Europe for centuries and caused innumerable wars, but it has also given a new aspect to the question of Central Europe by inviting Germany to a Conference in Spa, to discuss questions of economic reconstruction. The political significance of San Remo lies in its striking revelation of England's world leadership. Under the guidance of that country the international situation has been so shaped, and great questions have been so settled, as to establish England's world suzerainty as firmly as a Gibraltar for an indefinite time to come. In the future some things may be done without consulting England, but nothing can be done against England's opposition.

England has thus attained the position which America, who really won the war, vainly sought at one time to acquire. Wilson's programme was directed as much against England as against Germany. He sought to make his English rivals as harmless as his German rivals. He planned to subordinate to the economic imperialism of the United States, Poland through Danzig, the Danube countries through Fiume, and Russia through Constantinople; and he sought to subject to the jurisdiction of the United States all the remainder of the world through the machinery of a League of Nations. In consequence of the premature dispersion of the German army, and the failure of France and Italy to support him, Wilson was forced to face alone the skill which England had acquired by centuries of international experience. Under the compulsion of England, Japan, France, and Italy, he was made to sacrifice his Fourteen Points one after another in order to save the League of Nations, with the help of which he hoped eventually to recover them. Here again, however, he suffered a double defeat. The mandate idea was converted by English diplomats into a device for giving their country every colonial accession it wanted, and the League of Nations was made a threat against the Monroe Doctrine and United States interests on both American Continents. Wilson's complete failure abroad caused the rejection of the League at home. America refused to interest itself further politically or economically in Europe, and turned its attention anew to Eastern Asia and its Latin neighbors. Since that time an American Ambassador has been present like Banquo's ghost at European conferences, but he has frightened no one when he silently slipped into his place at the Council table. Wilson, meantime, has played the rôle of Jupiter in an Offenbach Opera, rolling an empty cask around behind the scenes to make imitation thunder, and summoned on the stage now and then by England when she needs him, as at San Remo in the Fiume and the Armenian questions.

Since Britain's most dangerous rival has thus been ejected from European affairs, and its attention diverted to the rising power of Japan in the Orient, England has acquired a free hand

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in Europe, Africa, and Asia. The Island Kingdom rides the neck of this triple continent, the way an Indian mahout rides an elephant. Its government, controlling the Old World's motor nerve, easily rules the nations there residing, split up as they are by countless hostilities, and makes them do its will.

With a vast navy doubled by the war and released by victory for employment in the Mediterranean and the distant seas, with financial and economic resources which uphold the very economic structure of France and Italy, and with coal, deprived of which Italy would cease to exist as an independent nation, England is complete master of the world, and what occurred in San Remo was merely the logical outcome of this situation.

England appeared at the Conference with a *fait accompli*. It had seized Constantinople and the Straits. Following Gibraltar and Suez it thus held the third great gate to the ocean highway. The seizure of this city aroused the anger of the Islam world, and eventually will renew the enmity of a recovered Russia. But these disadvantages will not be seriously felt until a remote future. The words of Napoleon I at Tilsit are still true. 'To hold Constantinople means to command the world.' For many years to come Russia will be incapable of an aggressive foreign policy. Its Bolshevist ideas will lose their proselyting power as the world recovers political and economic stability. The Islam danger is not a serious threat for England. That is a lesson we should have learned during the war. The Mohammedan world is not a religious unit; nor are the peoples of that faith, except the Turks and the Egyptians, truly conscious of national ideals. England, France, and Italy can safely recruit Mohammedan soldiers in their colonies to fight other soldiers of their own faith and blood. Those nations lack modern weapons, and most of them are so devoid of the military qualities required in modern warfare, that their revolts, as the example of Egypt and India prove, can be easily suppressed by a resolute commander with a few machine-gun detachments. So England has decided to seize the Mohammedan problem by the horns. At the wish of its Indian subjects, and against the will of Wilson, it has left the Sultan in Constantinople, but has shorn him of all his power. It can easily prevent his harming Great Britain, but can employ his prestige to support English rule over the Islam nations, whose principal cities, Constantinople, Cairo, Mecca, Medina, Bagdad, and Delhi are all in British hands.

England has also shrewdly insured itself against internecine dangers from its Allies. It has given the occupation of the Straits the guise of an Entente measure. Since it is the controlling power in the Mediterranean and in the League of Nations, the situation works out thus: England has assumed a Protectorate over Turkey, and France and Italy have obligated themselves to support this Protectorate against outside attack. Britain has also made the Bulgars and the Hungarians as weak as the Turks. All three countries are buildings without windows, at whose doors foreign guards stand to collect tribute. Last of all, England has made Greece its branch firm and general agent in the Levant, thus raising a dangerous rival for Italy in the Mediterranean. One hears doubts expressed whether this suddenly enlarged state, consisting of nothing but coast land, is capable of surviving and holding under its sway so many people of different speech and race, like the Albanians, Bulgars,

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and Turks. We do not share this skepticism; for first of all, there have been many governments of equally precarious composition, which have survived for long periods with international support. Greater Greece has the power of England behind it, and in addition an alliance with Roumania and Jugo Slavia, who are bound to Athens by their common interest in preventing Bulgaria from regaining strength. Greece now monopolizes all the best cigarette tobacco soil in the world. It is the mistress of three seaports through which must pass practically all the commerce between Europe and Eastern Asia — Piræus, Saloniki, and Smyrna. Two rich agricultural regions, Bulgaria and Anatolia, have become largely dependent on it. Moreover, the Greeks are, to use Plato's figure of speech, planted like frogs around a pond, in every coastal town of the Eastern Mediterranean and the Black Sea; from Alexandria to Odessa and Trebizond. Their mercantile and maritime genius makes them the best merchants and seamen of the Mediterranean. Politically and economically the greater Greece which Venizelos received at San Remo seems well established, and in all probability awaits a brilliant future.

With this solution of the Near Eastern problem, the Levantine dreams of France and Italy, which they have cherished since the days of the Crusades and which they sought to realize in part by advocating the continuance of Thrace and Anatolia as independent countries, vanish into thin air. France has received Cilicia and Syria, but both territories are commercially isolated. Syria's exports must pass through England's protectorate, the national home of the Jews in Palestine; while Mesopotamia, artificially isolated from Anatolia and Syria, will find its natural ports in Bagdad and Basra. Italy does indeed receive an economic mandate over a great part of the South Anatolian coast, in return for renouncing Smyrna and the Dodecanese Islands. French capitalists retain one-fourth interest in the coal mines of Heraclea. But since the Dardanelles and the road to South Russia, whence Italy hoped to procure cheap food, raw materials, and coal, are now in English hands, Italy is again completely at England's mercy. When it was obliged to renounce its aspirations in the Western Mediterranean in favor of France, it hoped to compensate itself by restoring the old Venetian mastery over the Levant. These hopes must be buried, since Greater Greece appears upon the scene.

Not even in the Adriatic has Italy won its objects, although Nitti sought a settlement at any cost. The matter has been left to direct negotiations between his government and that of Jugo Slavia, which means probably deferring them to the Greek kalends. In view of this unfavorable outcome for Italy, it is easily understood why the party in that country which advocated intervention in the war, is raging either against its own government or against England and France, and why the men who opposed the war-makers sit passive with bitter smiles.

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[*The Cornhill Magazine*]

AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN INDIA

BY 'MEM-SAHIB'

THE Anglo-Indian wife has long realized that while the British at home are merely indifferent where India is concerned, their attitude toward herself is tinged with hostility; as a rule she accepts this calmly, as she accepts other disagreeable facts, but sometimes she pauses to ask herself *why* — and the reason is not very clear.

My own idea is that Mr. William Makepeace Thackeray has a good deal to answer for. Everybody knows that the Collector of Boggley Wollah, and his greediness and his pagodas, have nothing to do with the case nowadays; but nobody has ever been able to free his mind of the suggestions left by Jos and his pineapple. The Anglo-Indian is still believed to be a wealthy man who has a very pleasant time of it; and we all know how hard it is to forgive an ordinary person of our own class for leading a more comfortable life than we do ourselves.

Then came Mr. Kipling, to complete the picture by drawing Anglo-Indian wives who were not merely self-indulgent, but frivolous, irresponsible — and a good deal more. Anglo-Indian women enjoyed his satires with the rest — how were the commonplace, the homely, the merely silly, to guess that they who had begun their lives at Twickenham and Haywards Heath and Murrayfield like anybody else were henceforward to be a class apart, a suspect class, of which the brilliant Mrs. Hawksbee was the prototype?

Whether they guessed it or not, it came to pass, and at times these mute inglorious Mrs. Hawksbees feel that absurdities have their importance, and wonder whether, in a world in which trivial causes may have tremendous results, they have been wrong in making no effort to explain themselves.

The conventional charges against the Anglo-Indian woman, roughly grouped, are threefold:

(1) She is given to the cult of the *Tertium Quid.*

(2) Or, at best, she is overfond of pleasure.

(3) She, who might do much, does painfully little to bring about an *entente cordiale;* her attitude toward India is aloof, stupid, unsympathetic.

(1) and (2) are hardly worth serious consideration. I came upon a quaint old book once (much older than Mr. Kipling) in which the author discussed the first point, and made the sage remark that few people at home realized the conditions of Anglo-Indian life — the rooms divided from one another only by screens and half-doors, and linked on the other side by verandas where barefooted servants lurk always within call. There is a good deal in it.

The second proposition, more accurately stated, is merely that in India (that 'social paradise of the middle classes') the women of the middle class lead a life approximating to that led in England only by the aristocracy and the plutocracy. Nothing criminal in that, after all.

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Is there here again the sting of jealousy? There is little need for it; the official wife, at least, has spent brave years of banishment in remote stations where an overworked husband provided most if not all of the available 'society'; and her first house, in which she did her best with frilled muslin and wickerwork chairs, was either a tumbledown barn, long since condemned by the district engineer, with a roof warranted to fall on your head at any moment, or one of the sunny little villas evolved by government architects for the benefit of the junior official. (One's thoughts naturally turn to the juniors because they, poor souls, have still so long to spend in India.)

A radical peer recently remarked that the Europeans in a certain Presidency town were unnecessarily well housed. But then he had never spent a hot weather on the plains, and had probably never set foot in a house so small that there is nowhere depth enough to give your aching eyes and head relief from the glare. His wife had certainly never been faced by the problem, where to put the matutinal Indian visitor to wait while the host hurries through his ablutions or disposes of the previous visitor. Government architects have not as yet given their sympathetic consideration to this difficulty. If the gentleman is offered a chair outside, he may write to the papers complaining of having been 'put to wait on the veranda with other useless lumber.' In the dining room the servants are busy. The lady of the house eventually leaves him the drawing room and withdraws to her bedroom, which is being swept.

Then come the years during which the exotic character of Indian childhood often holds the mother an anxious slave. Short years. Parents who remember the empty nurseries of India do not envy the Anglo-Indian mother overmuch, or chide her if she seeks distraction.

The charge that Englishwomen have not fulfilled their obligations to India, that they have even injured their husbands' work there, is another matter.

In this respect the situation has altered considerably during the past ten years; many Englishwomen, led by the wives of the heads of Provinces, now throw themselves eagerly into the effort to bring about social intercourse between the two races. Yet these are but a small minority, and here, at risk of an uproar of disapproval, I must state as a defensible theory the proposition that an Englishwoman still serves India best by leading her natural life unobtrusively along her own lines, fulfilling her purely domestic and private duties. It is the theory instinctively followed by the majority, but also consciously held by not a few women, not the least thoughtful or wise — and by many husbands.

To judge of it you must know something of what the others are doing, and how they are doing it. Only the truth can save, and I propose to tell it here; it has too often been lacking where India is concerned.

Great strides have been made in the frequency with which Englishwomen and Indian women meet; but it would be untrue to describe this as a *rapprochement* in any general sense. It is not merely that the methods as yet evolved are so labored as to be almost grotesque — this need not necessarily discredit them, since most beginnings are clumsy; it is that what is being done is artificial. The truth is that neither side is ripe for it.

The staple form of entertainment is a *purdah* party, in which an unwieldy number of women are gathered awkwardly together, cruelly unprovided

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with links of sympathy or understanding. The fragments of knowledge they have of one another often increase the difficulty.

'Why should the Englishwomen come here to stare at us?' mutters an Indian lady.

Unfortunately, the Englishwoman on the next chair has very likely been told that Indians are becoming so Europeanized that they resent it as a liberty if they are addressed without introduction; and she, not realizing that this only applies to one sophisticated lady from Bombay, fears to speak.

Tea, as welcome as a sail to Crusoe when it is first announced, brings fresh difficulty. One was obviously not asked there in order to pair off with an English friend and enjoy one's tea. But what right has one, by virtue of one's English blood, to plant one's self upon an unknown Indian lady, who may, moreover, prove to be strictly orthodox and refuse tea (and the refusal of an Indian lady may be a very disconcerting thing)? Here, however, one of the guardian angels of the feast, floating about with a patronage of which one hopes she is unconscious, may come to the rescue. After tea, we listen to each other's music without understanding, the English performers coming off poorly in the matter of applause, because the Englishwomen make a point of clapping the Indian items, and the Indians, with more sincerity, do likewise. We finally separate with a great relief and a sense of weary futility.

Other opportunities for social gathering are provided by the 'Indian Ladies' Club.' This is the title by which the institution is nearly always known in practice but never in theory, its promoters being especially eager to emphasize the point that 'European' as well as Indian ladies belong to it. You will, as a matter of fact, find a number of English names on its roll of members, chiefly those of official wives, pathetically anxious, poor women, to do anything which 'as my husband's wife' seems to be a duty.

As a feminist movement, the Indian Ladies' Club has its good points and its bad. If the bad seem at present to be unduly prominent, that may be because the movement has been a forced one. The younger women play Badminton and tennis, and to establish these games with a satisfactory standard a few of the more athletic English members have their uses. The older women sit together turning over papers and talking as women at a club do anywhere; and widen their acquaintance in a way unknown before they had this common meeting-ground. But, though most of them know English nowadays, the conversation flags lamentably, becoming spasmodic and puerile beyond belief when an Englishwoman joins the group.

The Indian ladies belong chiefly to the leading Vakil class — and the politics of a Brahman's family are even keener than his own. He brings home a grievance and lashes 'his' women' into a fury of sympathetic indignation; for him the next day's work and interests may rub off the sharpness of the sting — possibly he comes under the sobering influence of a milder spirit; but he returns at night to find the indignation of his ladies glowing finely, their thoughts having centred on the subject all day. Hence many of the tears of India, for he goes out again next morning re-inoculated with his own toxin.

The ferment that used to be confined to one family is now communicated to the Club — and it will be understood that English ladies are distinctly *de trop* in a conversation of this nature.

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Other advantages offered by the Club are bridge, billiards, and a lending library in which an astonishingly large number of inferior English novels and a distressingly small number of books worth reading will be found in constant circulation. An eminent Indian gentleman once disposed of such a Club in a few words. 'We had hoped,' he said, 'that the English ladies would bring to the Indian what was best in their own lives, but what they have actually brought is the worst.'

Summed up, the features provided are: Physical games — wholly good; a centre for political discontent — a doubtful gain, but natural, therefore not unwholesome; an introduction to the time-wasting devices of empty Western minds — wholly regrettable.

There is the other aspect — the Club regarded as a common meeting-ground for the women of the two races.

If intention alone could achieve, there would be nothing left to wish. The Club originates with Englishwomen of the guardian angel class, who nurse it assiduously, whip up English members, beg them to attend, speak kindly to the simpler Indian members whom (with a patronage of which again one hopes they are unconscious) they marshal like children at a school-treat — and fail to see that the whole principle of the thing is wrong.

The motive properly underlying all intercourse is the desire to meet; until that exists in some degree there is very little gained by arranging to meet. Most Englishwomen who have been persuaded to join a 'mixed' Club discover this. They dislike the attitude of patronage conveyed by the suggestion that they 'give pleasure to the Indian members' by regular attendance; they dislike even more the idea of intruding upon political conversations. (It must be borne in mind that in India 'politics' has a peculiar meaning, better understood in Ireland than in England.) The greater number soon cease to be members in all but name. A few continue to join the tennis players, feeling themselves of a little use and comparatively at ease there. And one in a hundred genuinely goes to the Club to meet her Indian friends — whom she would meet elsewhere if there were no Club.

When an Englishwoman and an Indian woman find themselves possessed of a common footing of sympathy, and a mutual desire to meet, they visit each other's houses; small awkwardnesses may occur, due to want of knowledge of one another's etiquette, but these are not serious, and there is no patronage. Here is something genuine and really worth while, and most district officials' wives will be found to have some friendships or acquaintanceships run on these lines. Indian women whom they know in this way will often tell them, 'I don't care for the Club; it is not *real*.'

Nothing more clearly showed the unreality of the usual meetings at the Club which I have in mind than the spontaneity which sprang up over the Red Cross boxes of 1914. Games and newspapers were abandoned, indifferent members came early and stayed late, sewing machines whirled and clattered, and conversation, loud and frank, dealt entirely with tape and scissors and 'the bias,' the language difficulty being no bar because the fingers, coupled with eager inflections of the voice, can express so much in that way. I remember that I seized upon an elderly Brahman lady, known never to speak English, and made her hold the bandage stuff while I cut it, which she smilingly did for hours on end; afterwards I realized

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with surprise that, helped a little now and then by some passer-by in quest of buttons, we had practically talked all the afternoon.

Alas! A sudden thought, born no one knew where, put an end to those delightful afternoons: 'Why should Indian ladies work for British soldiers? We will work for Indian troops only.' The idea was perfectly just — it was the 'only' which mattered. There were sadly few things that one could sit and work at for Indian troops: their gift bags were filled with cardamoms and betel and leather slippers and pieces of white mull, which needed only to be collected and packed. And my friend of the bandages has become such a fervent follower of Mrs. Besant (who opened her Home Rule campaign that first year of the war) that she gives to other Englishwomen only the curtest of nods — and I, not caring for curt nods, do not put myself in their way.

The memory of those Red Cross boxes is a hopeful one; it shows that when the motive and the common interest exist, the rest will follow naturally. But the present, when opinions are varied and violent, when many of us are anxious and all are discontented, is not the moment to force things. There is a strong case just now for the woman who simply follows the profession set down on her passport, which is that of 'married woman'; who takes life as it comes, bears with exile for her husband's sake, endures disillusionment when she must, avoids situations which appear to her to be embarrassing, and makes the best of things according to the faith that is in her.

Some points of contact, however, there must be for every woman. For a junior official's wife the first is probably connected with an apparently innocent gift. In my case it was a lamb.

'Someone has brought me a lamb,' I said joyfully at breakfast.

'Oh, has he?' said the Sub-collector, brutally. 'Well, he'll just have to take it away again, d—n him.'

'It's a sweet little lamb,' I pleaded. But the creature was led, bleating pitifully, back to its village.

'Remember the blighter who brought you a lamb?' said the Sub-collector a few weeks later. 'He has a quarrel on about a piece of land, and the other fellow is bringing a suit against him. If you'd taken that lamb he'd have been able to frighten the plaintiff off, saying that I'd accepted a bribe and was bound to give judgment for him!'

Worse than the fact that all gifts, if not actually bribes, were liable to be construed as such, was the discovery of the motive that also lurks behind the visit. When a gentleman of the district evinced a sudden and imperative desire that his daughter should call on me, my simple vanity was flattered, and I did not at first see the connection when the little lady wrote next day saying that her father was wishing very much for the title of Rao Bahadur, and would like to be recommended for the same. I almost quarreled with the Sub-collector when he exclaimed: 'I was wondering what on earth that visit had been about!'

Worst of all was the case of an old, old, Subadar Major, long since retired, who came, beautiful in full uniform, 'to wish us' at the New Year. We sat a long time together on the veranda, he entertaining the Sub-collector with stories of his campaigns, I rejoicing greatly in the delightful thought that here was a visit due to a self-respecting friendliness and nothing else. Alas! Next morning he reappeared in a draggle-tailed shirt, recognizable only by his charming smile — and even that had taken on a deprecating quality.

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He had a grandson, a failed matriculate and 'in your honor's office ——'

He was a dear old man, but my education made a great stride forward that day.

It may be observed that I was ignorant of the vernacular — I still am, and always shall be. Various superior people have blamed Anglo-Indian women for this, not wholly with justice. In the north the Englishwoman does pick up enough Hindustani for practical purposes; in the south, where Indians of all classes speak English, she is confronted by a language which, after Chinese, is the most difficult in the world — a small fact which few critics think it worth while to mention. In Tamil she meets this further difficulty, that any effort to master a word usually provokes from her husband a request that she will never repeat it again, coolie Tamil being peculiarly unfit for the use of ladies, while literary Tamil is not understood by the lower classes. The infrequency with which she does acquire a word is in itself evidence of the difficulty of grasping the guttural polysyllables. Do many people in Europe learn a very difficult language which offers no inducement in the way of literature laid open, or travel made pleasant thereby?

There is a trivial ungracious matter which one would gladly pass over in silence; yet it obtrudes itself now and then, and, when it does, attracts more attention than it deserves. That is the refusal, or open reluctance, of an Englishwoman to take an Indian dinner partner's arm. Here is an incident obviously insulting to the Indian concerned, greatly to be deplored — but there is the woman's side to it.

Let no one attempt to judge her unless he has sufficient imagination to put himself in the place of a woman who has offered her hand to an Indian and found it touched with reluctance and hastily dropped as something unclean. That may appear to have nothing at all to do with the other affair — and has everything in the world to do with it. An Englishwoman knows just enough of an Indian man's way of thought to realize that, for a woman to take his arm, must in his eyes be an action of amazing, almost appalling, intimacy; his ideas upon the social intercourse between the sexes being commonly indicated by the fact that he has left his wife at home. The thought that she may be putting her hand within the arm of a reluctant man, outrages every feeling of womanly pride — and in a sudden panic revolt she refuses to do it. If she refuses from any more deliberate motive, it is resentment against the hosts who did not warn her, or ask if the arrangement was agreeable to her.

Fortunately, this happens rarely. But let us suppose an Englishwoman duly partnered with an Indian gentleman without any *contretemps;* the evening is still something of an ordeal. What do they talk about? What trivialities have they in common? She, if she is a woman of experience, talks with the lurking fear that a sudden turn of the conversation may reveal a certain incompatibility of ideas regarding the conversational proprieties. (*Experientia docet;* no chorus of disapproval can shake me in this opinion.) But setting that aside, her husband in like case can almost always find some form of common 'shop,' municipal, political, or professional; she has not that resource. She and her partner have read no recent books in common — if he has read a modern novel he will hesitate to speak of it, the books which portray our lives and loves being thought voluptuous by an Indian. She has been to the recent performance of the

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Amateur Dramatic Society; he to the Persian Players (to which her husband has refused to take her, for reasons) — no point of contact there. Conversation between them is something unreal, stilted, wearisome to the last degree.

Add to these difficulties the not improbable circumstance that she knows this man to be a bitter opponent of government — a fact which in no wise affects the chances of her meeting him at Government House — and you have a situation as little conducive to sympathetic conversation as can well be imagined.

This last is a factor in the attitude of the Englishwoman in India which must never in fairness be overlooked; she looks at everything as it affects her husband. Not an official's wife in India but sees in the author of the new legislation a man who has sacrificed her husband to the desire to 'do something.'

Remember, before you condemn her for this, that she knows more than you do of the burden, the confusion, the galling sense of labor lost, which the new system will bring to her husband and his colleagues.

Englishwomen in India have not been allowed to weigh too heavily, whether as to their peace of mind or their safety of body, in recent Imperial action; but that would seem to be a reason the more why their fellow citizens should think of them with sympathy and understanding.

[*The English Review*]

GHOSTS IN A ROMAN PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM

BY VERNON LEE

I HAVE put off and off attempting to record — and now it may be too late to recapture — one of the few happy impressions, oases of the fancy, which made it possible to live through these war years. In the chronology of facts, it must have been in 1916, and in West Sussex; in the chronology of feeling it was, well! in the Rome of Pio Nono, a good half-century ago. The Rome, I might almost have said, of Clive Newcome; certainly that of Roderick Hudson, so much do those immortal sketches sum up, bring to a focus, my own childish recollections, lending them the clearness and point of the third person instead of the first, as in a perspective and framed picture, compared with mere reality. For it was in the third person, not the first, that, during that particular week in 1916, I lived back in the Rome of Pius the Ninth.

The way of it was thus: The house my friends had hired and in which I was enjoying their hospitality, retained, as houses let for a few months often do, all the household gods of the original occupants; and foremost among them, the enshrined ancestors, a number of old family photographs now marooned in passages and spare bedrooms. There were the customary ovals of clergymen in the languishing attitude which compensated for the photographic rigid head-rest; the groups of schoolboys and volunteers; also the ill-focused bridal parties in ivied porches; moreover, governmental groups, with swarthy attendants and palmy pagodas. Of course, also the fading profiles of crinolined aunts and nieces long demised. Or was not the aunt really the later stage of the niece? Was the Dean and the Curate *one*, separate only in time? Were *these* the same or several? Many or few? And which was which, and what to one another, husband and wife, brother and sister? And among them, could these be guessed at, among these enigmatic pale and paler photographic ghosts, anyone identifiable with the

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too-too solid present owners of the house? Or, rather, was not some distant heir usurping their place, banishing them to the spare bedroom and back-stairs limbo?

Such were the queries which these family effigies, humdrum yet full of pathos, suggested; and which, in summer idleness, my younger hostess bandied with me, till it became a game to go from room to room, mount on chairs comparing portraits; and speculate at meal times on possible identities and supposed discoveries. Thus came the gradual emergence of a central personage, the jolly 'Old Boy,' the 'Governor,' in both acceptations of the word, for were not his those restrained whiskers standing for European civilization among blacks and bananas? And — (by a sudden flash of inspiration!) — could any but he, that jovial magnate, have played the flute (during honorable exile in the tropics) out of the little morocco covered music book on the top shelf of the library? In this manner did we weave genealogies and biographies of those bygone unnamed strangers, more and more puzzling with each additional piece of 'evidence' which we discovered. My reference to that music book ('a selection of favorite operatic pieces arranged for flute and pianoforte') shows that my young friend and I pushed investigations far beyond the mere framed portraits on the walls, ransacking shelves, book closets, and those pieces of furniture with which I associate, perhaps erroneously, the name of *Whatnot*. And so *the* great find was at last made.

Perhaps it was my friend whose fortunate hands actually first discovered that old, unhinged, photographic album. May be. But the full significance of this discovery could be manifest only to me. Only I knew what to expect from that slab of shining black marble bound into its leather cover, and on which spread (far lovelier such works of art had been in my childish eyes than all the statues and pictures my priggishness pretended to love!) the sharp white petals and emerald-green leaves of a magnolia blossom made of variegated marbles. For it meant that they, these unknown former occupants, had been in Rome fifty and more years ago; and that I was back there.

A.D. 1867: a photograph, coaxed to slip out of the album, revealed that date on its glossy back. But I should have known it to be thereabouts from the people's dresses. Had not my mother and her acquaintances worn just such geometric flounces and moderate *tournures* (Grecian *Bends* I heard them called)? and my father and brother such coats converging by a single button (or by mere tailor's art) just below the Gladstone collar; trousers also just the least little bit reminiscent of the primæval peg-tops still sported by benighted foreigners? And in that album there they were, also, those peg-top-trousered, short-coated, longish-haired, romantically-bearded foreigners. . . . But about them more shall be said anon.

Meanwhile, what that album first of all revealed was that the family — the family, familiar in face of unknown name — had gone to Rome at that particular moment of the world's history. Gone there for one year, or two? I think for two at least, for they had settled down (as the album testified) to fox hunts, private theatricals, besides lessons in singing and Italian literature, after duly exhausting (incidentally also themselves) the weary gallery — wonders recorded by the smallest (the half-franc) size photographs of the Apollo, Laocoön, Venus Borghese, and that so attractively semi-improper mysterious parricide Beatrice Cenci, her turban'd head

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wistfully on one side. Naturally, also, *the* Faun, the *Marble* Faun, as he was called, of the Capitol, who, although thus emphatically *marble*, was somehow also a living young Italian nobleman called Montebeni; for those were the days when Hawthorne's *Romance* (including its full-length catalogue of all the Yankee studios) had superseded Mme. de Staël's *Corinne* and Hans Christian Andersen's *Improvvisatore* in the bookshops of Piale and Spithöver, and in the minds of Anglo-Saxon visitors, teaching them what to think and feel about this queer Rome of Pio Nono; those not duly indoctrinated continuing vulgarly to harp on the insanitary habits revealed by Roman entrance passages and stairs, the squalor of the Corso shops, the amazing variety and pertinacity of beggars; the countless multitudes of ecclesiastics and religious, and the mysterious crimes and tyrannies thereof; let alone the Evil Eye (or the Angelic Smile) of Pope Pius as you came suddenly across him, a portly, white-cassocked, red-cloaked idol, fingers forever raised in benediction, taking his exercise against the background of ilexes and anemone'd greensward of Villa Borghese.

Well! all those impressions (so that album testified) this unnamed West Sussex family had duly sought and received. They had taken Rome seriously, as people then did (not a few hotel weeks, but a winter or two in Piazza di Spagna apartments with meals arriving, balanced on the head in a tin hot-box, from the cook shop in the side street). For in those days one could not always hope to go to Rome twice in a lifetime, since getting there, before Alpine and Riviera tunnels, meant many days of travel, let alone passports and *lascia-passares* and the off-chance of Renan's *Vie de Jésus* being sequestrated by the Pontifical custom house at Orte, which modern travelers know only (if at all!) as the confluence of the hitherto blue Umbrian Tiber with the Tawny Nera, rushing round from Terni.

Those were the days, as already remarked, of Henry James's still unliterary and still enchanting *Roderick Hudson* days, very nearly of Thackeray's most sympathetic pages (and they are few and far between!) in the *Newcomes*. Days, moreover, in which, odd as it seems, I not only lived in Rome half a century since, but lived once more in that selfsame Rome, vividly, overwhelmingly, these fifty years after; and all along of that album with the *pietra dura* magnolia, discovered on the *Whatnot* (if such is a *Whatnot*) of that West Sussex house, hired for the summer.

And I can still see and hear what those, probably long demised, unknown owners of the album must have seen and heard. There were shaggy *Pifferari*, droning and piping at dusk before the lit-up street-shrine; and rows of Cinderella's-Godmother's coaches, gilded and emblazoned, with Cardinal's scarlet footmen hanging on behind, forever drawing up at the College de Propagandâ Fidê over the way. There were little damp, usually unopened churches filled once or twice a winter with heady incense clouds dimming the many tapers, and with the voices of hidden-caged nuns or voices as sexless and unearthly as theirs.

There were carnival doings for eight whole days, with races of riderless barbs down the Corsa, the hindmost horse, in a flash of the fireworks fastened to his back, dashing unexpected through the reclosed crowd, with shrieks of trampled people to add a zest; and when that was over and the dragoons also had charged sword in hand, there came the showers of plaster comfits to and fro, windows and car-

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riages full of maskers, and the bouquets hurled up and down, at times with live little birds fluttering bruised within their camellias as likely offerings to English *meeses*. There were drives in dark winter mornings through tortuous, stinking streets abutting on the vast radiance, the pure, warm, scented air, and the distant echoes of St. Peter's, lined with kneeling soldiers, and where, standing on your camp stool, you might get a tiny little Pope, resplendent at the end of your opera glass.

And round that Rome forever canopied by melting, sunny skies, round that belt of feudal walls, ruined temples, and forsaken gardens, there stretched the further circle of pale green, grassy wilderness, segregating from our present world that august enclosure of past ages, full of magic pagan magnificences and of sinister and defiled relics of *White Devils of Italy* and similar terrors of one's Protestant forefathers, and where, as one of my own uncles wrote home in 1841, the palaces of the nobility, let alone of Cardinals and Prelates, were known to be accommodated (as English houses with sanitary mysteries lacked by these antique countries!) with *oubliettes*, trapdoors which swallowed the patriot or heretic victim all unawares, disposing of him by an automatic minching machine which left no traces. . . .

All these impressions of Papal Rome were duly received, more or less, by that West Sussex family, fifty and more years ago. And through them, by myself, fifty years later, their images getting framed and interlaced (like patterns on an old chintz or lacquer screen) in my own mind with the orange-tiled South-country cottages, the reedy ponds, the jagged pines profiled against the pale escarpments and chalk-gashes of the South Downs, and the last phloxes and dahlias in the warneglected garden. Yes: alternating with these English things, visions of terraced travertine steps rising chrome-yellow into a moist blue sky, glimpses of sere Campagna dotted with tombs and laced with aqueducts; and even remembered sounds, plashing of palace-yard fountains in chilly winter sunshine; spells of long ago arising for one out of old Roman-bound music books (for such we also unearthed, even with 'mottets' by my own old teacher, chapel master of the Lateran!), but most of all, of course, issuing out of that large album, a little off its hinges, with white marble magnolia on a black marble ground.

I have said that this respected West Sussex family the (to us) nameless former owners of *View Top, near Cold Waltham East*, had, if not received and retained, at least laid themselves open to, these bygone Roman impressions. Their willingness to do in Rome as Romans do (or, rather, did not) was testified by the two first photographs in that book. For was there not, facing each other, Paterfamilias (the 'Governor' in both senses of the word), perhaps C.B. and certainly J.P., in church-going frock-coat, erect against the counterfeit stone-pines of the Villa Doria; and Materfamilias (she would be called *Mamma*, quite possibly one of a numerous brood of *honorables*), modestly emulating with her diminished crinoline St. Peter's cupola, which rose behind her on the Pincian promenade; photographs destined to recall those Roman years once they should be back in their comfortable English home, so exactly like Du Maurier's illustrations to Trollope's *Orley Farm*.

They had duly taken their place in the British Colony which had ousted the native Romans from Piazza di Spagna and its purlieus. For there,

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opposite the polyglot Banker who invited to frugal festivities and got reserved seats for pontifical 'ceremonies' (alongside the British doctor who cured 'Roman fever') was the British Chaplain, to whose ministrations the Papist tyrants obliged Sundayfied Protestants to pick their way (or splash in jingling cabs across the perennial mud which droves of cattle and pigs left over week-ends) outside the monumental Porta del Popolo; heretical rites being tolerated only *extra muros urbis*. Then the chief members of the Hunt, expatriated (or imitation) English squires wont to meet about Cecilia Metella of the mediæval Ponte Salario. And after them came the likenesses, mixed up with *Apollo Belvederes* and *Transfigurations*, of numerous Du Maurier ladies and gentlemen, some still in what were, I remember, called *Dundreary* whiskers. Neither was there lacking a sprinkling of foreigners, a cautious one, for foreigners should never be taken without most particular introductions; had not the Italian patriot-novelist Ruffini warned us in his *Lavinia* that some Italians were not patriots but sharpers? Of such well-guaranteed foreigners the album with the marble magnolia contained select specimens: painters and sculptors (since artists were received *in Rome* even by the best English) sometimes with Teuton or Scandinavian names, or else Yankee profiles recalling United States postage stamps.

Likewise elderly natives, scions of princely houses, but rather come down in the world, Borgheses or even (whence romantic shudders) *Borgias;* and others, in chin-beards and cloaks, whom persecution and possibly conspiracy rendered attractive to more Gladstonian minds. Also operatic moustachio'd youths, not distinguishable from hairdressers. And, of course, the *Guardia Nobile*, cuirassed and jack-booted, of whom one was always attached to the more expensive Piazza di Spagna pensions, where English families stayed before they had been touted into lodgings (with a copy of Guercino's Sybil as chief furniture) and initiated into the cookshop régime. And there also — I mean in that photograph book, was that most Roman of all beings (and being Roman, could be spoken of freely, which would, of course, have been out of the question in England), that living improper mystery from whom the gentlemen averted angry eyes, but whom the ladies looked out for and up to in musical raptures, the *Pope's Soprano*. He had taught singing to the daughters, though doubtless under protest from Papa; and given his likeness at their special entreaty: a humble, humiliated past brother of the triumphant Farinelli's of the days of Handel, giving lessons, singing at parties, but there, in that photograph album, really rather eighteenth century in his abbé's frock-coat and silk stockings, enigmatic, youthful yet faded, like his poignant voice, and not without the melancholy self-satisfaction of one who flutters so many feminine Anglo-Saxon bosoms.

But the daughters of the house — I mean the house which owned that album — had perhaps enjoyed a little romance of less exotic and platonic nature; for, slipping out the photograph of a papal (this time *not* singer but) Zouave, with a beer-colored Belgian beard spread over his *décolleté* breast (these warriors wore low-cut necks), we found a signature surrounded not merely by eau-de-Cologne-bottle flourishes, but by French sentences, of mingled respect and tenderness, conveying the disconsolate, well-bred farewell of *Gustave*. His name actually *was* Gustave.

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Such were the shrunken, discolored ghosts which, as out of a Solomon's Bottle, I accidentally evoked from that dusty Roman photograph book, with its black and white marble magnolia (*pietra dura*), whereof all proper travelers brought home a specimen, that album discovered during a summer week's idleness, in a hired south country house. Ghosts, who kept me company quite unperceived of all others, making bearable a few days of that last but one war-year with their peaceful stories of the Rome of my childhood.

[*The Saturday Review*]

'THE ANCIENT GRUDGE': A BRITISH VIEW OF IT

THE modern man, unless he be an Irishman, is not much influenced by ancient history — we wish he were. But there are two good historical reasons why Englishmen and Americans should dislike one another. One is that the Americans are the only people who have ever beaten us in war, and men don't love those who have beaten them. The other is that the Americans are under great obligations to the British navy, which has on many occasions saved them from Europe, and protected the Monroe Doctrine. The Americans know this, and men don't love those to whom they are under an obligation. In the war between North and South in 1861 it was six of one and half a dozen of the other. The Americans behaved badly about Slidell and Mason, whom they took out of the Trent, a British ship, as prisoners, for which they had to apologize. We behaved badly about the Alabama, which was built and armed in Liverpool, and for which we had to pay smartly. The Geneva Award ought to have placated the Americans, but it did n't.

History apart, Mr. Owen Wister has undertaken to summarize the causes of friction between his countrymen and ours in a very readable book.* Mr. Wister makes no discovery when he fixes on the language as the root of most of the trouble. What Frenchmen or Italians or Germans may say or write of us does n't matter, because we don't read it; or if we read it, we only half understand it; or if we understand it, we only laugh at it. And the same thing is true of Americans and those nations. But what an Englishman says of or to an American, or what an American says of or to an Englishman, speeds home at once, because it is perfectly understood. The same language used in a different way by two men, whose manners and habits are not only different but antipodean, is bound to produce one of two results, friction or laughter.

If the two men are ill-bred, they will insult one another and separate — if they are soldiers or sailors, they will punch one another's heads. If the two men are well-bred, they will smile and chaff, and grow interested in comparing notes. And that is the defect of Mr. Wister's anecdotes, as we shall see in a minute. They are all instances of such gross ill-breeding that we cannot think them fair samples of either English or American manners. It is no exaggeration, however, to say that the mentality of the two nations is antipodean.

The Americans love publicity: Englishmen love privacy: we are reserved; they are unreserved. Quite naturally, and meaning to be friendly, an American begins to cross-examine a traveling Englishman as to where he comes from, where he is going to, what is his business in life, what profits he makes, and so on. As naturally, the

* *A Straight Deal*, or *The Ancient Grudge*. By Owen Wister. Macmillan. 6s. net.

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Englishman is annoyed, and it requires a great deal of *savoir-faire* and good temper to parry these interrogatories without giving offense. But the American would only be too pleased to submit to a similar cross-examination by the Englishman. Neither nation understands the other's chaff; and, as George Eliot said, a difference of taste in jokes is a severe strain on the affections. Crossing once from New York to Liverpool, a Wall Street broker said loudly in the smoking-room, 'England don't prodooce anything.' We said mildly that England 'prodooced' all the ships (this was before the war), most of the coal, and much of the woolen and cotton fabrics of the world. The Wall Street man answered not; but an hour or two later he sought us out, and said that he had n't meant to hurt our feelings, for he had taken us to be Russian (perhaps because of our fur coat)! We presented him with a cigar 'prodooced' in a New York club and had some interesting talk. Whether his remark was chaff or crass ignorance (we think the latter), it was not meant to annoy.

In a chapter entitled 'Rude Britannia, Crude Columbia,' Mr. Wister gives us some instances of rudeness and crudity. An American traveling in an English train, which had stopped somewhere, was interested by the appearance of some buildings out of the window, and said to an Englishman in the corner of the carriage, 'Can you tell me what those are?' 'Better ask the guard,' said the Englishman. We don't say this story is untrue: we only say that Mr. Wister's friend struck a very rare specimen of an Englishman, so rare that we have never met his like. Did anyone, we ask our readers, ever know such boorishness, such morose churlishness? Mr. Wister is right when he says that the American in England and the Englishman in America 'go about volunteering opinions.' We plead guilty to this. But here's another story. An Englishman, with good letters of introduction to Boston society, was invited to a dinner, and appeared in the hall in a tweed suit. 'Oh, I see,' said the Bostonian, 'that you have n't your dress suit with you. The man will take you upstairs and one of mine will fit you well enough. We'll wait.' What fairy-tale is this? An Englishman (of the class who bring good letters), if he had been parted from his luggage — a common accident in America — would have begun by hearty apologies. The host (if he was an American who dressed for dinner) would have said that it did n't matter in the least, and might have offered him the loan of a suit; but would more probably have 'armed' him into the drawing room, where the apologies and explanations would have been repeated to the hostess, and the conversation would have begun to roll easily and merrily round the crimes of the express-baggage company. That an Englishman would have gone to a dinner party in Boston in a tweed suit, without any excuse, and in the belief that he was doing right, we refuse to believe.

There is a pendant to this story. A Philadelphian cricketer was invited, after a match at Lords, to dine at some great house in London. On arrival the Philadelphian discovered that he was the only man not in evening clothes. He asked his host what he was to do. 'I advise you to go home,' said the host. How do such stories get invented and put in circulation? Mr. Wister tells us some stories against his countrymen, on the truth of which we offer no opinion. During bridge deals on a Cunard steamer the talk turned on a certain historic house in England. 'Well,' said a rich American, 'those big estates will all be

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ours pretty soon. We're going to buy them up and turn your island into our summer resort.' We think, with Mr. Wister, this was meant as chaff. The next is very bad. 'At a table where several British and one American — an officer — sat during another ocean voyage between Liverpool and Halifax in June, 1919, the officer expressed satisfaction to be getting home again. He had gone over, he said, to "clean up the mess the British had made."'

Two or three anecdotes turn on the surprise and annoyance felt by well-bred and socially-established Americans at the extraordinary vogue in London of vulgar *richards*, who would not be received in good houses in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia. A great English lady explained to one of Mr. Wister's friends that these vulgar Americans amused London society, and that they were visited as the Zoo is visited. At least that was the explanation suggested by the American, and acquiesced in by the great lady. But of the telling of many stories there is no end. We agree perfectly with Mr. Wister that the friendship of England and the United States is very desirable, if not essential to the peace of the world. We do not, however, agree with him, or with the politicians and the press men, in thinking that friendship can be insured by books, and speeches, and leading articles. Assuming that the kind of friction we have been discussing can be diminished or even eliminated by more intimate acquaintance, there are certain factors in the American community which make for enmity toward England, and which are, and must go on, increasing.

There are the Americans of Irish and German origin, who are being added to every day by immigration from unsettled Ireland and ruined Germany. Nothing will ever make these immigrants other than bitter enemies of England, and they spell many votes, and control many newspapers. In addition to these, there has been a huge inflow since the armistice of Central Europeans, Poles, Czechs, Austrians, Letts, Russians, Roumanians, and Magyars, the off-scourings of the war. A friend, just returned from New York, told us that Broadway was a filthy, cosmopolitan crowd. All these foreigners, Irish, Germans, Central and Eastern Europeans, are fish that must be swept up by the politician's net, and they are not the least likely to be friendly to England. We know what *our* politicians will do for votes: the Americans are keener vote-hunters. This makes us despair a little about Mr. Wister's dream. There is one thing, and one only, that will cement the political friendship of Britain and the United States, the appearance of a common enemy. The day when Japan is ready to strike at India through China and at the Pacific Islands and the Western Coast of America will witness a real and hearty alliance between the United States and Great Britain.

[*Punch*]

TAKING THE BABY'S PICTURE

Tea was over, a clearing was made of the articles of more fragile virtue, and Timothy, entering in state, was off-loaded from his nurse's arms into his mother's.

'Is n't he looking sweet to-day?' said Suzanne. 'It's really time we had him photographed.'

'Why?' I asked.

'Well, why do people as a rule get photographed?'

'That,' I said, 'is a question I have often asked myself, but without finding a satisfactory answer. What do you propose to do with the copies?'

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'There are dozens of people who 'll be only too glad to have them. Aunt Caroline, for instance ——'

'Aunt Caroline one day took me into her confidence and showed me what she called her scrap-heap. It was a big box full of photographs that had been presented to her from time to time, and she calculated that if she had had them all framed, as their donors had doubtless expected, it would have cost her some hundreds of pounds. While her back was turned I looked through the collection. Your photograph was there—and mine, Suzanne.'

'Anyhow, we shall want one to keep ourselves. Think what a pleasure it will be to him when he grows up to see what he looked like as a tiny baby.'

I called to mind an ancestral album belonging to my own family that I had carefully kept guarded from Suzanne, precisely for the reason that it contained various presentments of myself at early ages in mirth-compelling garments and attitudes; but of course I could not now urge that chamber of horrors in opposition to her demand.

'Besides,' she went on, 'we need n't buy any copies at all if we don't like them. Snapper and Klick are continually worrying me to have Baby taken. Once a week regularly, ever since the announcement of his birth appeared, they've rung me up to ask when he will give them a sitting. Sometimes it's Snapper and sometimes it's Klick; I don't know which is which, but one of them has adenoids. We can't do any harm by taking him there, because they say in their circulars they present two copies free and there's no obligation to purchase any.'

'I wonder how they make that pay?'

'Oh,' said Suzanne, 'they keep the copyright, you know, and then when he does anything famous they send it round to the illustrated papers, which pay them no end of money for permission to reproduce it.'

'But by the time *he* does anything famous,' I objected, 'won't this photograph be a trifle out of date? Supposing, for instance, in twenty or thirty years' time he marries a Movie Queen ——'

Just then the telephone bell rang, and Suzanne, as is her wont, rushed to answer it, dropping Timothy into my arms on the way.

'Hello!' I heard her say. 'Yes; speaking. Yes, I was just going to write. Yes; that will do quite well. What? Yes, about eleven. Good-bye.'

'Not another appointment with the dressmaker?' I inquired.

'No. Curiously enough it was Klick again—or Snapper—and his adenoids are worse than ever; I suppose it's the damp weather gets into them. So I said we'd take Baby to-morrow.'

'I don't quite see the connection,' I said. 'Besides, aren't they catching?'

'Now you're being funny again. Save that up for to-morrow.'

'What do you mean?' I asked in some alarm. 'And why did you say *we*'d take Baby?'

'Why, of course you've got to come too. You can always make him laugh better than anyone else; it's your *métier*. And I do want his delicious little dimples to come out.'

'Do I understand that I'm to go through my *répertoire* in cold blood and under the unsympathetic gaze of Messrs. Snapper and Klick? Suzanne, it can't be done.'

'Oh, nonsense! You've only got to sing *Pop Goes the Weasel* in a falsetto voice and make one of those comic faces you do so well, and he 'll gurgle at once. Well, that's settled. We start at half-past ten to-morrow.'

The coming ordeal so preyed upon my mind that I spent a most restless night, during which, so Suzanne after-

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wards told me, I announced at frequent intervals the popping of the weasel. The day dawned with a steady drizzle of rain, and, after a poor attempt at breakfast, I scoured the neighborhood for a taxi. Having at last run one to earth, I packed the expedition into it —Suzanne, Timothy, Timothy's nurse, and Barbara (who begged so hard to be allowed to 'come and see Father make faces at Baby' that Suzanne weakly consented).

Arrived at our destination, Suzanne bade the driver wait. 'We shall never find another cab to take us home in this downpour,' she said, 'and we shan't be kept long.'

We were ushered into the studio by a gentleman I now know to have been Mr. Klick. He aroused my distrust at once beause he did not wear a velvet coat, and I pointed out this artistic deficiency in a whisper to Suzanne.

'Never mind,' she whispered back; 'we need n't buy any if they're not good.'

Timothy, who had by now been put straight by his attendant, was carefully placed on all fours on a pile of cushions, which he promptly proceeded to chew. Mr. Klick, on trying to correct the pose, was received with a hymn of hate that compelled him to bury his head in the camera-cloth, and Suzanne arranged the subject so that some of his more recognizable features became visible.

'Now then,' she said to me, 'make him smile.'

With a furtive glance at Mr. Klick, who fortunately was still playing the ostrich, I essayed a well-tried 'face' that had almost invariably evoked a chuckle from Timothy, even when visitors were present. On this occasion, however, it failed to produce anything more than a woebegone pucker that foreshadowed something worse. Hastily I switched off into another expression, but with no better result.

'Go on, Father,' encouraged Barbara, who had been taking a breathless interest in these proceedings; 'try your funny voice.'

Mr. Klick had emerged from cover and was standing expectantly with his hand on the cap.

Dear reader, have you ever been called upon to sing *Pop Goes the Weasel* in a falsetto voice before a fractious baby, a small but intensely critical child, a stolidly contemptuous nurse, an agitated mother, and a gaping photographer, with the knowledge that success or failure hangs upon your lips, and that all the time a diabolical machine in the street below is scoring threepence against you every minute or so? Of course you have n't; but possibly you may be able to enter into my feelings in this hour of trial. With a prickly heat suffusing my whole body, and a melting sensation at the collar, I struggled through the wretched lyric once. Timothy regarded me first with scorn and then with positive distaste. In desperation I squeaked it out again and again, but each succeeding 'pop' only registered another scowl on the face of my offspring and another threepence on that of the cabman's clock.

I was maddened now, and Suzanne sought to restrain me; but I shook her off violently and went on again *da capo*, and was just giving vent for about the seventeenth time to a particularly excruciating 'pop' when the door of the studio opened and a benevolent-looking old gentleman entered. He gazed at us all in wonderment, and, overcome by mingled shame and exhaustion, I sank into a chair and popped no more.

'Ah, Mr. Snapper,' said Mr. Klick, 'we were just trying to get this young gentleman amused.'

Mr. Snapper, who, I should imagine, was the adenoid victim, looked first at me and next at Timothy, and then blew his nose vigorously. It was not an

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ordinary blast, but had a peculiarly musical *timbre*, much like the note of a mouth-organ. It certainly attracted Timothy's attention, for he at once looked round and the glimmer of a smile appeared on his tear-stained face.

'That's it!' cried Barbara excitedly. 'Do it again.'

'Oh, *please* do,' entreated Suzanne.

Mr. Snapper, adenoids or no adenoids, was a sportsman. He quickly understood what was required of him, and blew his nose again and again. And with each blow Timothy's smile became wider, the dimples grew deeper, and Mr. Klick at the camera was pushing in and pulling out plates for all he was worth. At last Mr. Snapper could blow no more, and with profuse thanks we gathered ourselves together and departed. On our arrival home the cabman, fortunately, was induced to accept a check in payment.

The photographs have turned out a great success. One in particular, which shows the first smile breaking through Timothy's tears, is of a very happy character, and Mr. Snapper has asked and received permission to send it to the illustrated press under the title, 'Sunshine and Shower'; and Aunt Caroline has not only been given a copy, *but has had it framed.*

Now, when I am called upon to produce a laugh from Timothy, I no longer make faces or 'pop.' I have discovered how to blow my nose like a mouth-organ. It's trying work, but the effect is magical.

[*The New Statesman*]

ON ACCENT

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

Strange accident in the history of men! What men most care for, what a particular society most cherishes, what is most vital to it, dies as the individual dies and can never b recovered by posterity. Would yo understand a century in the past? Yo read of it and at once you are be wildered by finding a passionate at tachment to things long grown in different; by discovering standard taken for granted, and a scale o values taken for granted, which to-da have disappeared; what is more, by stumbling continually upon term obviously fundamental *then*, and ye referring to things *now* so dead tha we cannot even translate them. An all that is true of the immediat past as well as of the remote past

Among these astonishingly impor tant things which disappear with th disappearance of living men, conside accent.

If there is one thing really important to-day, it is accent. After money, i most distinguishes the divisions of ou society. And what do you think posterity will make of that? There was a man who made a statement in a public assembly a few years ago which seemed to his hearers so fantastic as to be hardly sane. He was talking of a certain religious minority, an obscure sect, and its peculiar form of education and he said: 'So strongly do we fee upon this matter' (meaning the righ to pursue a separate form of educatio for the children of that sect) 'that w would rather our children should drop their h's than lose the faith.' That sounded to a mixed public assembly of modern Englishmen something very nearly insane. The idea that a man would rather have his son drop his h' than lose his religion was something so thoroughly out of their accepted scale of values that it savored of the unreal It was like saying that rather than wear brown boots a man would wear no boots at all, or that rather than eat rationed food he would eat nothing Yet this intensity of feeling upon

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articular modes of pronunciation is uite modern — at least, as distinguishing classes within the state. s distinguishing foreigners and enmies, it is, of course, as old as the ills.

It is interesting to note what accents re tolerated and what not; what this eligion regards as heresy and what as o more than a 'diocesan use.'

The Irish accent in its various forms universally admitted. People talking nglish with an Irish accent do not hereby declare any difference of rank — that is, of inherited wealth — but nly a difference of nationality, which s respected. And the same thing is rue — though very much modified — f the Scotch accent. I am not quite ure that it is true of the Welsh. erhaps there is not a sufficiently arge body of wealthy men boasting he Welsh accent to determine the natter.

But other accents, not national but ocal, are barred with a religious bar. They are profane. And that is the nore remarkable when one considers heir strength in the three elements of umber, of intensity, and of difference.

If people recognized real truths of xperience instead of being led away y print they would admit that the orthern speech is, in southern ears, lmost a foreign tongue. A man rought up in the south and finding imself among the populace in a ancashire town will at first not nderstand half of what he hears. It s true that the roots are so similar nd the words in common so often epeated that the new dialect is nastered much more quickly than would be a foreign tongue. Nevertheless, if the speech of Lancashire beonged to a separate realm, and if the Kentish man, let us say, came into ancashire as a foreign country, he would think of the Lancashire dialect as a foreign language. Had the two forms of speech developed in different Royal Courts and adopted each its own experiment in spelling (let alone each its alphabet) the one would be more foreign to the other than is Low German to Dutch.

The first of all words, the personal pronoun, is an example. The Kentish man says 'I'; he translates the classic word 'ego' by a sound which is a rapid diphthong of the pure A, 'AH,' and the pure I, 'EE.' The Lancashire man expresses exactly the same idea by the open A, 'AH'; a completely different sound. When he talks in his own name the personal pronoun rhymes with 'BAH.' When the Kentish man says exactly the same thing the personal pronoun rhymes with 'PIE.' And you could not get two vowel sounds more distinct. You may take any number of instances. The 'o' of 'OLD' in the south is 'ow' in the north. Then there is the closed 'e' of the south and the open 'e' of the north — 'Yes' and 'Yaahs,' and, on the contrary, the closed 'a' of the north and the open 'a' of the south — 'path' and 'paht.'

There is another point about accent which is its curious variability within a short space of time. It varies so rapidly that within one human life a vulgarism or a jest becomes meaningless. What has happened to the 'v' replacing the 'w' in the Cockney speech, for instance? When the *Pickwick Papers* came out it was universal; Dickens was as close an observer of the physical realities of his time as Mr. Bernard Shaw is to-day. Compare Dickens's Cockney with Mr. Bernard Shaw's admirable and exact transliteration of that noble tongue in its present phase. They are almost two different things! Some have explained this by saying that there has been a change in race, that London has been invaded from the north and from the

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Midlands, and that it was the old Kentish accent which we discovered in the earlier part of the nineteenth century. The late Professor Yorke Powell maintained this. It may be so; more probably the change is a change *in situ*. Mr. Weller's great-grandson (who, I am sorry to say, is now driving a motor bus instead of a stage coach) talks the modern tongue, and it is utterly different from his grandfather's.

The imposition of a standard education in the state schools is having an effect, but we hardly know in what direction, although the agency has been at work for some fifty years. Its chief observable effect so far seems to be not in the modification of accent, but in the syllabic pronunciation of certain words, especially names of places. I have heard — like a tale from a far country — the astonishing story that little innocent children were told to say CI-REN-CES-TER in the place of 'Cisseter.' And there is again with this change another change, which is the introduction of new and usually pedantic Græco-Latin terms in the place of the old native terms. This is not only the effect of the schools, it is also the effect of the press and of the ubiquitous action of the modern official, especially in medicine: but not only in medicine, by any means.

Would you believe that a stout peasant could use the word 'circumference' (which is not quite accurate) for the outside edge of a ploughed field? It was used to me only last week. And as for 'dilution,' 'percentage,' 'contributory,' and 'implement,' they have become the tame kittens of cottage speech and roam about at large. With these have also come a great mass of legal and quasi-legal terms. And these are modifying the language as much as anything. And there we have a most interesting parallel to a thing which changed al the speech of Europe at the end of th Roman Empire, for a great mass of ou words which used to be called 'Teutonic' have turned out, as Wiene shows in his revolutionary essay, to b no more than corruptions of th technical terms in the Roman La Courts and Bureaus of Administration.

But this is taking me very far fro my original text of accents, and I return to it with a certain matter fo conclusion — it is a matter really nea my heart, and it has been haunting me ever since I began this article. It is the slight differences of pronunciation between people of my own social rank, which may be called the professional middle class, and the richer class above it. I mean (in so far as it still exists) the permanently rich class. Here I must say at once that I champion, not only without hesitation but with contempt for all other opinion, the pronunciation of my own class. Not only in accent but in every other thing it is the class which has made the civilization of Europe, and when the people above us differ from us, they are just as wrong as the people below us. So much for them. . . . But it rankles all the same, and I will take a test case. The word 'PIANO.' When I say 'Curse the piano' (and it is a horrible instrument, is it not?) I make it rhyme with the name of the suffete 'HANNO,' but those above me make it rhyme with 'AH NO.' They make of it a more pathetic, and I a more downright word.

It is curious that these slight differences in accent should exist, for the two sets of people are brought up together in the same schools, they meet daily, and even (I am ashamed to say) intermarry. Many would pretend that by this time of day there was no difference left. But there is;

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and if you watch half a dozen typical words closely I think you will agree with me. I am not speaking of locutions, you will note, but of accent; and in our locutions we differ enormously from those above and below us, and when I say above and below I do not mean above and below in any scale except the ludicrous but powerful, existent scale of social vanity.

It is high time that a new etiquette book came out about these things. The last one I remember reviewing is now twelve years old, and it was not quite satisfactory, because it dealt largely with (*a*) the abuse of vulgarisms of which no one ever heard, and (*b*) the assertion of rules which were not sound rules at all. It came as a message from the rich to the middle class, and was therefore a very unnatural pronouncement. For it is our part to teach them and not their part to teach us. For instance, they taught us not to talk of people by their postal towns, not to say, if you were going to stop at a rich man's house, that you were going to stop at Puddiford, or whatever the name of the nearest market town might be, but to give his palace its full title, and with due respect.

But I, for my part, never heard anyone allude to a rich man's house by the nearest town. On the contrary, my experience is that people tumble over each other to underline or shout the name of the palace in which they propose to find a brief and humiliating entertainment. Again, in this book we were told not to say 'Port,' but 'Port Wine'— but that would lead me into the most bitter controversy of modern times, compared with which the old quarrel between θεοτόκος and θεογόνος was but a lovers' tiff. So I end. . . . But talking of accents, have I got those Greek accents right? I doubt it, for I write this in Wolverhampton, a town divorced from Hellas and heavily blanketing the Alexandrians.

[*Church Quarterly*]

WHAT EDUCATION FOR THE NEW TIMES?

BY ÉMILE BOUTROUX

Not very long ago the world consisted of nations relatively independent of one another; at the present time it is a place in which the various peoples meet and touch at all points. The amazing advance made in the various means of communication has created a sense of world-wide solidarity. Without constant progress in the capacity for work and effort, there is neither prosperity nor freedom: the man who cannot face competition will go under.

The most important of the questions on which the whole of the future depends is education. On the intrinsic worth of human beings, more than on anything else, will the fate of the nations rest. In the present crisis we must be ready for a complete modification of character if we would meet the requirements of the future.

Nevertheless, we cannot make a

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clean sweep of the present system of education in favor of an entirely new one. Renewed efforts must be made if we are worthily to face the changed situation created by the war. All the same, our education will remain essentially national and will thus preserve us from that dull and insignificant mediocrity which Henry James denounced under the name of 'social vagueness' as the great danger of modern cosmopolitanism.

Now, the thing that characterizes the world, as at present constituted, is the utilization of the forces of nature; man's power grows at an ever accelerating speed. This growing power in turn increases human ambition, that feverish longing for expansion and aggrandizement. A nation, then, will be capable of existing only on condition it works and produces, maintaining and developing its power and vitality, physically and intellectually. Thought and action, theory and practice, science and industry, philosophy and life, soul and body: these dual aspects of our nature, often separated from or subordinate to each other, must henceforth be closely united, equally indispensable, taking each other for granted. Action must not be set above thought: how harmful would be a deed inspired solely by passion, instinct, or chance! Nor, under the pretext of exalting thought, must action be disdained; the aid of the latter is necessary for insuring that thought shall obtain a true grip on the world of reality.

As regards education, we will deal first with its objects, then with the means of rendering it efficacious, and finally with its organization.

If we are earnest in our desire to train citizens anxious to be of service to their country, we must clearly distinguish between instruction and education, and regard the latter as superior to the former. Instruction supplies the instruments necessary for every action or attainment: it is a matter of the utmost importance. Education, however, enters directly into the formation of man himself, that is, of the one who is to use instruction as the most powerful of tools for modifying the world and effecting the dominion of laws other than material. Education, therefore, must be the main object of our efforts; our duty is to mould characters that possess within themselves the living springs of their growth and activity, to create free beings. How often have we appealed to our teachers to turn out men and not simply scholars: in other words to subordinate instruction to education. Let the entire school life consist of action and effort, reflection and method, the development of the interior qualities of the soul.

Is there not one of the objects of education which may be regarded as the basis of all the rest? We often quote the motto: *Mens sana in corpore sano*, implying thereby that a healthy body is the natural accompaniment of a healthy mind. It is interesting to note that Juvenal, the author of this phrase, said nothing of the kind. The text signifies: 'If you would pray reasonably to the gods ask them for a sound mind in a sound body: seeing that no man, devoid of wisdom, can live happily.' And this is true: neither does the health of the body guarantee that of the mind nor *vice versâ*. Both are alike necessary. In the health of the mind, too, we must carefully distinguish two elements: intellectual capacity and moral vigor, that is, a sure judgment and the active will to do one's duty.

Thus there are three distinct branches of education: physical, intellectual, and moral. Each of these should be the object of special at-

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tention, for to make the body supple and strong, to expand the intellect, and to arm the will, are very different things. In itself, however, the soul of man is one; and, as Plato says, with his whole soul must man aim after the Good, his own peculiar property. These three forms of education must, nevertheless, interpenetrate and unite if we would form the true man. Physical strength merely incites to violence when not tempered by intelligence and morality. Intellectual development is but dilettantism unless governed by moral respect for truth and honor. And self-mastery, even accompanied by an enlightened conscience, will not guarantee us freedom from selfishness or fanaticism unless controlled by reason and the sense of reality.

Now, we must strongly insist on the fact that a general culture of the body is no longer sufficient. We must each become early accustomed to use our strength and skill in the production of some definite work. Consequently, a certain professional physical culture will be obligatory in school life, varying according to the needs of the district.

Intellectual education calls for similar remarks. France must remain a powerful centre of classic education; it is necessary that all instruction of whatsoever kind or degree be moulded by our classic tradition. This tradition consists in regarding the objects of study not as something foreign to the mind, with which the mind provides itself for the sole purpose of applying them in the exploitation of nature or the satisfaction of idle curiosity, but rather as the eternally living thoughts of the greatest representatives of humanity, thoughts which we may make our own to some extent by meditation, reflection, and love, and which, if we prove worthy of them, will continue to live and fructify within ourselves, in order to perpetuate and render effective the most beautiful forms of the human ideal.

Not only things literary but scientific theories must be taught classically, in a manner calculated to develop the mind itself and all its powers. In the mathematics of a Descartes or the biological chemistry of a Pasteur there is something more than formulæ or collections of facts passing from one brain into another like coins from hand to hand; there is breadth of view, perfection of form, elegance of method, love of truth and inviolable probity, intuition and sure criticism. To teach the sciences in such a way as to develop these intellectual and moral qualities in pupils is to teach them classically.

Not only is a liberal education necessary, we also need instruction which will prove an effective weapon in the struggle for existence. There is too prevalent among us a disposition to do things by routine, a desire for premature rest after too brief a period of productive labor, a vague dread of anything hazardous or unforeseen, a hasty and imprudent, though generous, judgment, which causes us to adopt, without adequate consideration, resolutions that appear to respond to our higher aspirations. These pernicious habits may effectively be overcome by instruction which will instill in youth a horror of inertia, dissipate obstinate prejudices, supply the needed elements of comparison, and kindle a desire after creative life. Science is a wonderful emancipator of intellect and activity when taught not as dogma or routine but as the incessant effort of the mind to grasp with ever greater firmness a reality which becomes continually more complex and untrammeled, more grand and fruitful than our most learned theories.

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Instruction, however lofty, must keep in touch with reality, and be set before the pupil in its practical efficacy as well as its ideal beauty. Study should be carried to the point at which it can be immediately utilized.

Moral education, too, should be both general and special. The main thing is to mould character, to create men who possess the principles and qualities implied by morally good conduct. It is customary to emphasize the importance of self-control, that ἐγκράτεια which Socrates regarded as the essential condition of morality. Perfectly true; nor can we too earnestly attempt to inculcate this master quality without which no one may call himself free. 'Liberty,' said Georges Clemenceau, 'is the power to discipline one's self.' Still, though self-control forms the basis of what is strictly called virtue, this latter, of itself alone, is not the whole of moral goodness. In the recent war, the Germans gave proof of a quality of soul which might indeed at times be designated as virtuous: obedience, willingness to suffer and to make superhuman effort, self-sacrifice. All the same, their conduct cannot be called moral; rather is it regarded by universal consent as radically immoral, seeing that the whole of their devotion but subserved ends opposed to the very idea of good. Assuredly we cannot do our duty unless we are able to govern ourselves, and expend our best energies in the service of justice and truth. Real morality comprises two elements: virtue and the pursuit of goodness.

Hence it is the task of moral education to teach men self-control and self-sacrifice, as well as to make them worthy of the cause of justice and right, in a word, of the cause of God. To be and to do: these twin elements of moral worth must not be separated from each other.

Now, what the nation expects of us, especially in our present circumstances, is work. The philosphers of old regarded work as inferior to thought and morality, but at the present time no doubt is permissible as to its importance. Work is the exercise of our powers with a view to the material and moral improvement of human conditions; it is for all men a duty from which they cannot escape. Nor can we tolerate the application of the name of worker to one class of society alone; every man worthy of self-esteem must claim and merit this title.

The school must fit men for social life, enabling us to live understandingly with those different from ourselves in race, language, customs, opinions, and interests. There is one quality that has at times been somewhat disdained but has now acquired fresh importance: politeness. Compared with the totality of our duties toward our fellow beings, this quality counts for but little; still, it is the indication of these duties, for politeness is the art of checking manifestations of malevolence and exhibiting those of benevolence. It must not be used as a mask to conceal ill-feeling, but rather for helping men to come together in spite of the diversity of their ideas; to know, appreciate, and learn from one another.

Another thing worthy of serious consideration is the means of making instruction really effective. How many men, engaged in technical professions, base either their conduct or their opinions on the education they have received at school? Now, there is nothing inevitable about this relative effacement of school influence. We are well aware that an extreme and opposite tendency existed in Germany before the war, and that this Germany, whose object it was to conquer and enslave the world, is a product of the

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German school. From the philosopher Fichte to the historian Treitschke we find professors who have given the German soul the form that now characterizes it; the work accomplished by these powerful teachers is so intense and widespread that at the present time, quite apart from the Kaiser, the kings and princes, and the heads of public organizations, there exists a German soul which, throughout every kind of upheaval and overthrow, will remain for an indeterminable period capable of creating a new organism for itself and displaying afresh its domineering ambitions.

A child always asks for the reasons why things happen. He expects his elders to be consistent; he apprehends and condemns contradictions. Assuredly much can be done by carefully explaining things both to children and to adults, giving them an opportunity sanely to weigh the pros and cons of a question. They must, however, be made to feel that the instructor has no other motive than truth and justice. Both soul and will spontaneously listen to reason when it is really reason, and not interest or a domineering partisan spirit, that speaks.

The struggle against alcohol may be given as an instance. Here, the school is bound to play a most important part if it conscientiously sets forth the facts of the case. A really objective and scientific *exposé* will leave in the minds of the pupils a far deeper impression than will the most eloquent exhortation.

Thus, suitable instruction may do much to insure the lasting and practical influence of the school; though there is ever the risk that its effect may be superficial. If we would have the school the real teacher of our children, not only during school days but for the whole of life, it must itself become closely linked with the life both of the individual and of society. The artificial barriers that separate master and man, school and family and nation, must be broken down. Even now, the school ought of itself to be a complete and normal human society. Scholar and master are not beings of different species, incapable of mutual understanding and naturally inclined to tyrannize over each other. Nor do they constitute a hierarchy, wherein the one rules, gives good or bad marks, rewards or punishes with an assumption of superiority, while the other passively obeys and learns to be very good. Master and pupils represent human beings who belong to different generations, and it is this fact that indicates the relations which should unite them.

Of recent years an attempt has been made to favor the idea that each generation has its own conception of the universe — to use a current barbarism, its own mentality — and that it is as impossible for one generation to understand another as for a circle to become a square. Assuredly, many changes take place in society, and if we would learn the lessons of the past and make it the instrument of fresh acquisitions, we may profitably teach the younger generations to keep in touch with those that have gone before. The permanence and life of a nation depend on this mutual intelligence and close sympathy between successive generations.

Now, if masters will but create moral and spiritual relations between themselves and their pupils, instead of external and material relations between superiors and inferiors, the school will quite naturally help forward that close communication between present and past generations for which the nation appeals. The pupil will spontaneously esteem the man of a past generation, from whom he is conscious of receiving inestimable boons which he could not

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have obtained of himself alone. The master, too, will gain much by teaching his pupils in a spirit of devotion and love, by instilling in them the qualities of faith and trust, initiative and generosity, candor and enthusiasm: delightful and stimulating virtues which the experience of life but tends too frequently to blast and destroy.

The school should also be intimately linked with the family. There is nothing that interests parents so much as their children's progress at school. By thus identifying itself with the family and with society in general, the school will quite naturally exercise the right kind of influence both on the young and on society, not perhaps so visible and direct an influence as the mechanical German training but far more profound and dignified. One lesson that the war has taught the world is that discipline, based on esteem and mutual confidence, is after all more powerful than the most scientific mechanization of intellect and will.

The final object of our investigation deals with the organization of instruction. Here we are at once brought directly in contact with the question of liberty; we have both state schools and free schools, a régime whose continuance is not likely to be seriously threatened. The state offers both instruction and education, in so far as it is, as Rousseau well set forth, the representative not of a party, nor of the majority, but literally of every citizen without a single exception. Just as in the sight of God, so before the state all individuals are perfectly equal: the state does not recognize that any one of them should be sacrificed or subordinated to the rest.

Consequently, the state *qua* professor, will not permit the exposition of doctrines calculated to offend the conscience or honest opinions of anyone. Nevertheless, since life and progress demand bold initiative, effort, and struggle in all directions, the state desires the realization, the opportunity for growth of that spirit of diversity and bold initiative which it cannot attempt to acquire itself. Far from being self-contradictory, it guarantees that common weal it is its mission to bring about by refusing all monopoly for itself, acknowledging free as well as public educational establishments, and insuring that each father shall be at liberty to instruct his children as he deems best, on the understanding that he shows due respect for right-mindedness and for the law of the land.

One special preoccupation is the problem of religious liberty in connection with instruction. Futile to evade this problem, we do not solve a difficulty by ignoring its existence.

There is no need to state that any violation of liberty of conscience is a crime against one's country. One of the most disastrous of mistakes from which France suffered was the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; the consequences are felt even at the present time. On the other hand, the war has shown how easy it is to work for the common good, even though all do not hold the same faith. Jealously maintain this 'sacred union,' as it has justly been called, and do not squander needed strength in absurd and barren strife.

We should also beware lest we stop short at that ill-defined attitude called tolerance. To tolerate is to bear with, to suffer that which by strict right — so we think — we may ban or condemn. Now, religious beliefs deserve something altogether different from a precarious condescension. There is considerable misunderstanding on this point. Certain advocates of moral

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education, which they regard as destined to replace religious education, imagine themselves to be in possession of a doctrine practically independent of religion and based on exclusively scientific principles. Such is not really the case. To confine one's self strictly to the domain of positive science would be to refuse to regard morality as anything more than a mass of blind traditional beliefs which science scatters to the winds. To take morality seriously is to place one's self on the ground occupied by religion, on the ground of the ideal, conceived as a supernatural end, toward the attainment of which it is incumbent upon and possible for us to contribute. It follows then that advocates of strict morality and those of religion should show one another respect, which is more than tolerance; they should manifest a sympathetic acceptance of their mutual beliefs and cordially combine will and action in effecting the triumph of justice, freedom, and love, to which sublime ends both are alike devoted. Where shall we find anyone who thinks exactly as we do on every subject? Fortunately, nowhere: the dignity and the progress of mankind depend on diversity. This primary condition of inner and affectionate harmony is really present in the partisans of all so-called secular morality which claims to be genuine, as well as in the champions of so-called religious morality which has not ceased to be human: both mental attitudes are meant to understand and appreciate each other, to combine their efforts with a view to the saner and higher education of humanity.

Apart from general educational centres, the conditions of modern life require the existence of numerous special schools. There is no sphere of human activity which, at the present time, cannot be extended and made stronger by utilizing the resources of science. The saying that failure to advance means retrogression, for instance, finds no better application than in the world of economics. Now it is by appealing to science that progress is chiefly brought about. We may regard it as axiomatic that every trade presupposes scientific knowledge and a scientifically methodical training.

Two very simple remarks in conclusion. First, it is not only at school, but during the whole of life, that we must study and learn. What the school should teach us is the need of learning, it should give us a number of principles and methods enabling each one to learn for himself. At any age, indeed, we may learn, if we really wish to do so and use the right means. Memory, no doubt, is less ready and alert in the adult, especially in the aged, but reflection and reason take its place to some extent, and these have innumerable advantages of their own.

Secondly, it will ever be true that the future is not something ready-made from all eternity, and that all we need do is passively to wait for its appearance. The future is a work in process of creation; it will be what we make it. The very blessings we have most completely made our own remain with us only on condition we defend and conquer them anew with incessant perseverance and zeal. If we would prosper, and fulfill our national destiny, we must ever strive and work, duty spurring us onward to effort that is energetic and intelligent, methodical and united. May our motto, both now and in the future, be that which Marshal Pétain but recently gave to his soldiers: 'Work and watch!'

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THE ARTS AND LETTERS

NATIONALISM AND ART

SHOULD art be national or international? Should it be well-rooted in scenes of home, nourished with local tradition, and inspired with national hopes, or should it be a vague, splendid, universal something as general as the sky? The question is now before us, for communication between the nations is now so easy a matter, that ideas leap frontiers like the winds of Heaven. Let some mad or whimsical Parisian found a school whose paintings are designedly upside down, and within a week the school will pullulate amid the Neo-Georgians of Chelsea, and an exhibition of its first offerings will be held in New York. The literary and graphic arts of the moment are shaken as by a mighty wind, a wind tainted with what seems to me a flavor of degeneracy. What else, in all calmness, can you say of a period in which the artist, the creator and preserver of beauty, deliberately labors to achieve ugliness?

We began by laughing at these 'movements,' and found, often enough, that our laughter was but an echo of the young innovator's own. Now, however, this stage has passed away; the young innovator has been succeeded by the deadly serious person whom the French dub a *sans-talent*, and these talentless ones are forcing their way into all kinds of illustrated reviews and exhibitions. On my desk lie two magazines, one British, the other American, which have devoted several good, glazed paper pages, which ought to have been given to better things, to drawings, sketches, and paintings which are to the painter's art what the gibberish of the lowliest inmate of an asylum for the exceptionally feeble-minded is to honest, workmanlike English prose. Whence comes this international miasma? Did the war kill off all the sane-minded, and leave only the crack-brained to interpret life in art? Has the deplorable habit of concentrating in rabbit warrens in our complex, artificial, and almost entirely damnable modern cities quenched the Olympian light in souls that would in other times have been interpreters of the old beloved beauty of the world? When I see these hideous things, I somehow feel that their creator has actually never seen real beauty, has never glimpsed great blazing winter stars through the bare, clashing branches of the wailing, ice-bound elms, never has felt the wind from the keen, unsullied sea rush singing by, or at sea, watched the long, sullen storms gather in the twilight at the sunless edge of sea and sky. I have always enjoyed the hullaballoo of a storm by land or sea.

Had I space, I should like to describe a storm I once saw in 1915 in France. It came on during a great battle just to our right, and the play of artillery-fire and skeins of violet-white lightning, the rolling and booming of the thunder mingled with the pounding detonations of the shells were more than Miltonic. But I fear that I am getting discursive. Was it not the question of nationalism *versus*

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nternationalism in art which I set ›ut to discuss?

My point is this:

Here in America we are a nation ›f some hundred-odd million people, ›ery much in need of artists to inter›ret and guide the American spirit. If ıll our art is to be second-hand Chelea, or third-hand Quartier Latin, we hall never get anywhere. Let us ıave attempts at things essentially ınd genuinely American: America of he old New England villages, the white churches, the hot juniper-scented ›asture lands, and the breaker-beaten shore; America of the great valley ınd the prairies. I esteem Vachel Lindsay's ragtimes, 'Daniel jazzes,' ınd all simply because he has remained true to us. Let us turn away our faces from the lands beyond the waters and look to our own folk. As for the two magazine art sections I mentioned, I intend to forward them to a friend. He is a psychiatrist, and they will probably interest him.

An interesting Guild of Play for children has been founded in Southwark. Might there not be a field for a like movement in America?

The work of the Guild of Play is essentially and avowedly educational. It aims at training every part of the child's individuality — body, mind, and character — in absolute harmony with one another. It trains the body through healthy exercise. But it believes that physical exercise is most beneficial when it takes the form of free, spontaneous, joyous play, rather than that of drill. It trains the mind, as it trains the body, through the medium of play. Modern society is often very blind to the reservoirs of energy that run to waste or worse for lack of proper channels. The Guild of Play seeks to harness these instincts to higher things. It seeks to develop a sense of beauty in song, in place of the taste for cheap and vulgar ditty; a sense of beauty in movement and in dance, in place of ungainliness and horseplay; a sense of beauty in innocent comradeship, instead of the coarse hooliganism of the streets; a sense of beauty in manners, in modesty, in grace, and in morals. Through the same medium it seeks to train the character. It rightly realizes that bodily discipline is the first condition of moral well-being; and, further, that the best ethical teaching is always indirect.

The specific characteristic of the Guild of Play is its revival of Old English games, sports and dances, customs and costumes, folk stories and folk songs. It seeks to reawaken Old English ideals by reënacting Old English modes of play. This is the truest patriotism. It is also the most practical psychology. By actual experiment the Guild of Play has discovered that nothing appeals to the imagination of a nation's children like that nation's stories, games, songs, and festivals. The Guild of Play is thus something more than a philanthropic organization. In a way that is entirely unique, it provides a practical demonstration of the best principles of educational psychology derived, not from textbooks, but from a true love and study of English children and English traditions.

London is the centre and headquarters of the Chailey work for crippled children, but the Guild of Play in Southwark, with its May Days, pageants, and carolings, is about to be developed in closer connection with the Heritage Craft Schools, for it is proposed to erect at Chailey a playhouse or Guild of Play theatre, and a guest house, and to bring the Borough children and Sussex into still closer relationship. There will also

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be a summer school for the training of workers in the art and science of organized play as taught at the Guild, and in the theatre the little Borough Players, whose fathers have been killed, or wounded, or made prisoners in the Great War, will, amid most delightful surroundings, make Chailey the centre for Guild of Play work, as it is the centre of work for cripples.

The heat of the overcrowded streets in Southwark in summer is intense, but the sun is not the worst part, nor the burning pavements — but a nameless something that takes the very life out of the children — for even the Borough children have perforce to be quiet and have not the energy to dance with the thermometer at 90° in the shade, and the whole world a Turkish bath. Overhead, the holiday-laden trains pass by, carrying other children, with hampers and spades and buckets, off to the seaside or country. But there is no seaside in Southwark, and no green grass, except the burnt, brown paths round the Cathedral, and in the withered gardens. All through the war, terrified children, whose nerves were already strung up to breaking pitch by reason of nights robbed of all sleep and filled with nameless terrors of Zeppelin raids, were brought to Chailey, and no fewer than 572 of these children were treated at the Raid-Shock Home of St. Nicholas, which was specially established in their interests.

The success of St. Nicholas has largely brought about the idea of a Guild of Play theatre or playhouse. The sum required to bring about the realization of this dream is £5000, and it is urged that five lovers of children, whose means are commensurate with their large-heartedness, should sanctify Shakespeare in this manner by restoring to the children of his Borough their heritage of play.

The chief patroness of the Guild o Play and of the Heritage Craft School is Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyl The Bishop of London is the president Lady Katherine Somerset, the vice president, Mrs. C. W. Kimmins th founder and honorary secretary, an Miss A. C. Rennie, of the Craf Schools, the honorary treasurer.

THE effort now being made to pre serve Lawnbank, and the recent pub licity given to the association o Keats with that house, originated with Mr. E. F. Seymour, the honorary librarian of the Poetry Society, and a member of the Hampstead Centre whose persistency has brought the movement to its present prominence In January last he realized the danger of the 'eligible building site' in Keat Grove passing into the hands of the unsentimental speculative builder, and started an agitation in the local press and communicated with the National Trust, the Poetry Society, and other interested organizations. The posi tion becoming more immediately se rious than was at first suspected, Mr. Seymour continued his efforts locally and on February 1st laid the facts before a public meeting, when it was decided to form a committee, including Mr. Whiley, the present tenant of Lawnbank, and Mr. G. Balfour, M.P to hold a watching brief; and Mr. Cust, as a member of the Borough Council, continued to interest influen tial people, to whom Mr. Seymour's revelations were as much a shock as they had been to himself.

Quite speedily the Mayor of Hamp stead called a meeting of interested parties to consider the terms on which an option of Lawnbank could be se cured, and the influential committee which recently issued a public appeal was formed, and the Poetry Society suspended the active steps it was tak

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ıg to promote the same end, our Hampstead Centre passing a vigorous ɔsolution in support of the movement nd emphasizing the need for urgency. mmediate funds are essential to exercise the option to purchase at £3500, the present vendor being an ld gentleman whose heir-at-law is a ıinor. A further £6500 is needed ɔr repairs and temporary endowment, lthough eventually the building will ɔe self-supporting. If it could be ecured that from this centre the inıuence of the poetry of Keats radiated ıver the land, suffusing drab lives and ,ray surroundings with the beauty hat is a joy forever, £10,000 should be ubscribed with more alacrity than en millions for war purposes.

AND a final word from *Punch* about uthors in the new day.

Literature is becoming so commercialized that it is to be expected hat before long popular authors, who lready surreptitiously practise the tradesman's art, will go a step further and write their own advertisements. No longer will they be content to get themselves interviewed on the subject of their next book, their new car, and favorite poodle, or to depend on the oleaginous eulogies of the publishers.

For instance:

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begs to announce that he is
NOW SHOWING
his new Novel,
THE HIDDEN HAND OF HATE,
and confidently recommends it to his Customers.
It contains no fewer than 92,563 of the
BEST WORDS
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FREE from Split Infinitives.

Or again:

Are YOU one of the mentally alert men, the wistful women, who have filled up an application form to-day for
PATTERNS OF CHAPTER ONE
of
SEPTIMUS POSHER'S
New great romance of love and mystery
THE SICKENING THUD?
If you have not already done so, lose no time, but write asking for sample of
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(where the PINK-EYED WOMAN prevents the marriage of ETHEL and LUDOVIC);
of
CHAPTER NINETY,
with its nine SUPERB-QUALITY MURDERS;
or
CHAPTER TWO HUNDRED
(the last), where ETHEL and LUDOVIC at last set out through the
FAIRYLAND OF LIFE.
You incur NO RISK in asking for these exquisite samples.
Write direct to SEPTIMUS POSHER.

Or yet again:

MR. BOREAS BINKS
has pleasure in announcing that his new volumes of
RECOLLECTIONS
is now showing at all Libraries. He can confidently claim that this work, entitled
PEOPLE I HAVE MET AND WHAT IS WRONG WITH THEM,
is absolutely the most refined volume of Scandal on the market. All the reminiscences are novel and tasty.

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A well-known Judge writes: 'I should very much like to give you a trial. I am sure you deserve it.'

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[*The London Mercury*]

TO ANTIQUITY

BY ALICE MEYNELL

. . . Reverence for our fathers, with their stores of experiences.—*An author whose name I forgot to note.*

Our young ancestor,
  Our boy in Letters, how we trudge oppressed
With our 'experiences,' and you of yore
  Flew light, and blest!

Youngling, in your new town,
  Tight, like a box of toys — the town that is
Our shattered, open ruin, with its crown
  Of histories;

You with your morning words
  Fresh from the night, your yet unsonneted moon,
Your passion undismayed, cool as a bird's
  Ignorant tune;

O youngling! how is this?
  Your poems are not wearied yet, not dead.
Must I bow low? or, with an envious kiss,
  Put you to bed?

[*The London Mercury*]

SHOHEENSHO

(*From the Irish Gaelic*)

BY ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

For My Granddaughter Jenny

O not as the wife of a churl would wrap you,
In coarse country woolens so roughly to hap you;
Between two sheets of the silk I'll lay you,
A cradle of gold in the wind to sway you.

I'd rock you to rest, my bright new comer,
One dreamy day in the height o summer,
Under the eaves of whispering leaves
Drowsed by the drone of the wee bee drummer.

May a dream of delight steal into you slumber;
Till evening makes way for the Starry Number,
And with God's bright angels aroun to mind you,
No finger of death I pray may fin you!

[*The Westminster Gazette*]

THE PENNY PIPER

BY GUY KENDALL

I heard a piper down the street
  Piping a song of Spring
(The hawthorn was not yet in bloom,
  Nor the Swallow on the wing).

The children in yellow, green, and mauve
  Came tripping, flocking to him,
And Spring came surging from the ground
  As though it filtered through him.

It rose and shuddered and swelled in waves,
  That deluge of new pain,
Like Joy, that at his prison-bars
  Wakes but to wail again.

I passed to where below the hill
  The lake's long arm is seen;
And Spring was surging up beyond
  In yellow and mauve and green.

A thousand, thousand thoughts were mine
  —The buds were scarce so many—
Not from the lake, nor from the trees,
  But a pipe that cost one penny.

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